

**SPECIAL
REPORT**

THE ENVIRONMENT AND JAMES WATT

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 26, 1983 \$1.75

**LITTLE
BIG
MAN**

**Doug Flutie:
Boston College's
Amazing Quarterback**



GIVE YOUR SCREWDRIVER A NEW TWIST.

Make your next screwdriver with Seagram's Gin instead of vodka.
You'll find the smooth and refreshing taste of Seagram's Gin a turn for the better.
And please keep in mind, the Seagram's Gin Screwdriver is always made with
a twist of moderation.



Seagram's Gin. Letter perfect every way.

Let us repair your car today,
and we'll even guarantee the work
into the next century.



We fix cars for keeps.



Ford and Lincoln-Mercury Dealers stand behind their work for as long as you own your car. Regardless of how long that may be. And we do it with a commitment in writing called the Lifetime Service Guarantee.

Only Ford and Lincoln-Mercury Dealers offer it. Only Ford, Lincoln and Mercury owners can get it.

Now when you pay for a covered repair once, you'll never have to pay for the same repair again. Because the dealer who did the work will fix it free. Free parts. Free labor. Even if you keep your car beyond the year 2001.

And the Lifetime Service Guarantee itself is free. It's a limited warranty on thousands of parts in normal use. It doesn't cover routine maintenance parts, belts, hoses, sheet metal or upholstery, but that's about it.

It doesn't matter whether you bought your car or light truck new or used, or where you bought it. The repair stays covered. Ask a participating dealer for details.

The Lifetime Service Guarantee. Direct from participating Ford and Lincoln-Mercury Dealers. We fix cars for keeps.

LEADING OFF



Upon taking a 2-0 America's Cup lead, Liberty was the belle of the briny to spectators, who saluted skipper Dennis Connor and his crew and serenaded them with "God Bless America."

CONTENTS

SEPT. 26, 1983 Volume 58 No. 14

Cover photograph by John Iacono

16 It's No Longer Up in the Air

A late-season surge has lifted the Baltimore Orioles to the top of the heap in the once tight American League East
by Ron Fimrite

20 A Story with a Perfect Ending

Washington's Steve Pelluer hit 14 straight completions, good for two late TDs and an upset of No. 1-rated Michigan
by Douglas S. Looney

22 Winning Was No Skin off His Back

A mysterious rash did not keep Kentucky Derby victor Sunny's Halo from a 10-length triumph in Super Derby IV
by William Leggett

24 He Takes Great Pains with His Passing

Quarterback Lynn Dickey has often come back from injury, and with him at the controls, the Pack may come back, too
by Rick Telander

30 Is There a Change in the Wind?

In the America's Cup, Australia II, though down 2-1, was too awesome it seemed the Cup could go Down Under
by Sarah Pileggi

38 A Little Man on Campus

At only 5'9 1/2", Doug Flutie of Boston College is shaping up as one of the biggest quarterbacking talents around
by Douglas S. Looney

66 Inside Interior: an Abrupt Turn

Interior Secretary James Watt's conservative policies are worrying many environmentalists. The first of two parts
by Bill Gilbert

DEPARTMENTS

| | |
|--------------|---------------------|
| 11 Scorecard | 60 College Football |
| 48 Boxing | 63 For the Record |
| 50 Baseball | 64 19th Hole |

Credits on page 83

SI, SI, SI—Sports Illustrated is a weekly publication published by Time Inc. Magazine Company, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. The magazine is published weekly except for two issues combined annually in December. The magazine is published in color and is available in English and Spanish. The magazine is published in the United States and is available in other countries. The magazine is published in the United States and is available in other countries. The magazine is published in the United States and is available in other countries.

© 1983 Time Inc. Magazine Company. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Please send address changes in New York City to Sports Illustrated, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020. Outside New York City, please send address changes to Sports Illustrated, P.O. Box 518, Hightstown, N.J. 08520.

Only
Quality Inns
International
gives you



800-228-5151

Moderately priced,
well-appointed rooms,
complete facilities.



800-228-5150

Comfortable accommodations,
limited facilities,
no-frill prices.



800-228-5152

The finest of Quality
accommodations,
extra amenities,
graciously appointed rooms.

Discover the Quality Choice in the
U.S., Canada, Mexico, Great Britain,
Holland, Germany, Belgium, Italy,
Haiti, and the Philippines.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Patience is a light opera the original team of Gilbert and Sullivan wrote. In the case of our pair, Special Contributor Bill Gilbert and Writer-Reporter Robert Sullivan, patience is a quality they had to possess in abundance while reporting and writing *Inside Interior: an Abrupt Turn*, which begins on page 66. It is the first of a two-part Special Report on the U.S. Department of the Interior under Secretary James Watt, and we believe it to be the most thorough and provocative article on the Watt administration to appear in print.

Gilbert, 56, has been writing for us about the outdoors and the environment for 21 years now, and Sullivan, who is 29, has recently also been addressing himself to a number of environmental issues, for the most part in our SCORECARD section. It was in the summer of 1981 that Gilbert suggested doing an article on Watt and Interior, and "from that time on, Bob and I went at it. We talked to scores of people, and I can't tell you how much reading we did—at least 150 pounds of documents. There were 50 hours of taped interviews. An Interior public affairs officer would have his machine and we'd have ours: Given the regulations put in force under Watt, interviews of department personnel turned out to be a much more formal business than they had been in the past. But I found it stimulating," Gilbert observes, "that in many cases, with the Interior appointees, there was kind of a dueling situation—a lot of back and forth, a lot of give and take."

For their other interviews, conducted with individuals around the U.S., Gilbert went west and Sullivan to Flori-

da and New England. "The heavy-lifts we did together," says Sullivan, who regularly attended Washington meetings during the day and flew back to New York to work on other stories here at night. "We kept extra shirts in our briefcases," he says, "and didn't even check into hotels. Fortunately, Gilbert and I aren't candidates for anyone's best-dressed list anyway."

Last March Gilbert and Sullivan met at Gilbert's ranch in the Huachuca Mountains in Arizona to begin clarifying the direction the piece should take. Actually, Gilbert had been doing some writing all along, because certain aspects of the Interior story, not coincidentally, dovetailed with the work he had been doing for years on his most recent book, *Western Man*, about mountain man, explorer and naturalist Joe Walker.

Gilbert has long been preoccupied with the meaning to Americans of

our natural heritage and the ways in which it has shaped us as a people. "That, to me, is the kernel of the thing," he says. "There has been a lot of stuff written about Watt as a wild man, but I feel he represents a strain of American thought. He didn't just spring up like a mushroom, and making this clear was more important than telling more bad stories about Secretary Watt. He's a very competent, determined man, and, in his way, principled, as I have tried to make clear."

Indeed he has



GILBERT AND SULLIVAN: NO LIGHT OPUS

Robert L. Miller

Why **Sports Illustrated** subscribers keep coming back...



January 20, 1983—Pasadena, California

Photo: Ronald C. Miller

Super Bowl XVII—the game, the week preceding it and the aftermath—was molded in the image of John Riggins... What he had done on that long day's journey into night in Pasadena's Rose Bowl was grab modern NFL football by the scruff of the neck and toss it a few decades back into a simpler era—big guy running behind bigger guys blocking.

"You look at the play-by-play," Theismann said, "and you'll see: Riggins off-tackle left, Riggins off-tackle left, then maybe a little Riggins off-tackle right, an occasional pass by me, then Riggins left, Riggins left, and one more Riggins left. I imagine if we were still out there we'd still be running Riggins left."

The Redskins' forward wall—the Hogs, and of course Riggins, the honorary Hog—wore them down. "What sets John Riggins apart?" [Washington coach Joe Gibbs] said, "is a champion's heart."

Paul Zimmerman, 20—February 7, 1983

From 31—February 7, 1983

Incredible photography. You-are-there writing. Renew your subscription now and reserve yourself the best seat in the house.

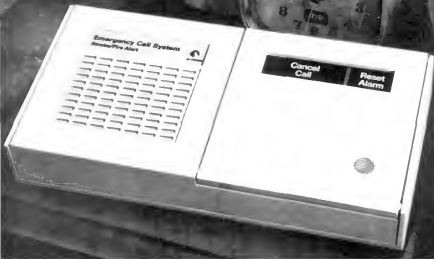
New Balance, Inc., Boston, MA 02134

At bookstores now
LITTLE, BROWN

Circulation Director: Robert D. McCoach

Endorsements: The most Endorse

THE FIRE ALARM SMART ENOUGH TO PHONE FOR HELP.



What happens if fire breaks out, and your smoke detector sounds its alarm, but there's no one home to hear it?

The answer: the Bell Emergency Call System (ECS).

Just plug it in. And it works with your smoke detector to

protect your home, business or property. Even if no one's there.

Because as soon as its electronic sensors hear your smoke detector, it calls out the word "Fire" for 30 seconds. This voice-alarm can be cancelled at that time.

If it isn't, ECS phones the

first of two numbers you've selected until someone answers. It announces the emergency. Gives your address. And repeats it.

The Bell Emergency Call System. It costs only \$229.90. Yet it can save a life or what you've worked for a lifetime to save.



INTRODUCING ECS

Emergency Call System

AT&T

Use your VISA, MasterCard or American Express. Some cities have laws which govern the sale and use of all emergency reporting systems. In case there are any, call your local Fire Department on their non-emergency telephone line for details. Price includes one console and one transmitter. Additional transmitters \$29.95. Tax not included. © 1993 AT&T

**STOP
WISHING**



THE TOTALLY NEW FIERO IS HERE!

Your most fervent automotive hope just came true.

Fiero is totally new from the ground up, from the inside out, from front to rear. Even the way it's built, to provide consistent, high-quality fit and finish, is unique.

Fiero is America's first and only mid-engine production car. The balanced weight distribution of this mid-engine design, along with its rigid space frame, fully independent suspension, power four-wheel disc brakes, and rack and pinion steering, give Fiero and you an amazing command of the road.

Fiero is strong. It hugs the road. And its electronically fuel-injected 2.5 liter engine features "swirl-port" technology for a smooth, fast burning combustion process. The result? Snappy acceleration and outstanding mileage.*

Fiero also has a unique Enduroflex™ body that resists minor dents and will never rust.

Fiero truly is an astounding car. Especially when you walk around it, look at it from different angles, sit in it, and take it for a spin.

And there's only one place to do that. At your Pontiac dealer.

PONTIAC  WE BUILD EXCITEMENT





**"If you rent,
you probably don't
realize how much
you have to lose."**

State Farm Agent Robby Rowan, Huntsville, Alabama



"It doesn't make sense to leave your important possessions unprotected when our renter's coverage is so affordable. See your Yellow Pages and check with a State Farm agent."

**Like a good neighbor,
State Farm is there.**

STATE FARM FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY - Home Office - Bloomington, Illinois



EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

OLYMPIC APPREHENSIONS

Even before the Soviet Union shot down Korean Airlines Flight 007 on Aug. 31 there had been concern about whether the U.S.S.R. and its allies would participate in the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles. Although the Soviets had disavowed any intention of staying away from L.A. either to avenge the U.S.'s boycott of the '80 Games in Moscow or for political reasons, they had indicated that they would stay home if they considered security or other preparations for the Games inadequate. And they'd said they wouldn't announce whether they were attending the Games until next June 2, the last possible day for such decisions.

The furor over the death of the 269 people aboard Flight 007 has increased uncertainty about Soviet Olympic participation. Last week a seven-game tour of the U.S. scheduled for November by the Soviet national basketball team was canceled after all seven universities the Soviets were to play backed out to protest the downing of the Korean airliner. A six-game series set for December between the U.S. Olympic hockey squad and the Soviet national team was also put in jeopardy when some arena owners objected to the idea of playing host to athletes from the U.S.S.R. In response, Soviet officials notified L.A. Olympic organizers that "due to existing circumstances," they were dropping plans to send 17 athletes to a pre-Games regatta this week at the Olympic rowing and canoeing site in Ventura County. But at week's end not all sporting contacts with the Soviets had been scrapped; U.S. wrestlers still planned to compete in the world championships starting this week in Kiev, and a four-nation women's volleyball tournament involving the Soviets is still set for Long Beach, Calif. in mid-October.

The latest developments have left U.S.-Soviet athletic relations even more tangled than usual. It was confusing enough when the U.S. boycotted the '80 Games in Moscow to protest the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, while allowing U.S.S.R. athletes to compete at that year's Winter Games in Lake Placid. The message to the Soviets seemed to have been: "We'll compete in our country but not in yours." Now the message appears to be exactly the reverse: "We'll play on

your turf, but please don't come over here." The emerging Russians-slay-home sentiment was underscored by a unanimous vote in the California legislature in favor of a resolution urging President Reagan to ban the U.S.S.R.'s athletes from competing in the L.A. Olympics. Several U.S. Congressmen also called for such a ban.

The fact that anti-Soviet maneuvering was again, as in 1980, concentrated heavily on sports greatly vexed F. Don Miller, executive director of the U.S. Olympic Committee, who asked, "Isn't there more to our foreign policy than amateur sports?" Although Miller's frustration was understandable, the truth is that snubbing the Soviets on the playing field isn't part of U.S. foreign policy, not yet anyway. Reagan has pledged in two letters to the International Olympic Committee that the U.S. would issue visas to '84 Olympians from all countries. While that promise doesn't cover pre-Olympic events, it's significant that it was the Amateur Basketball Association of the United States, and not the Federal Government, that canceled the Soviet basketball tour. Asked about the cancellation, a State Department spokesman told SI, "I think it reflects the feelings of the American people. We would have been surprised if they felt they could have gone on with sports as usual in this climate." But he added, "At this point I don't think it relates to the Olympics."

THE CORNHUSKERS' NON-CAMPAIGN

In quite a departure for a man in his line of work, Nebraska Sports Information Director Don Bryant has disclaimed any intention of mounting a big publicity campaign in behalf of his school's Heisman Trophy candidate, Running Back Mike Rozier. "We believe the guy has to win it on the field," Bryant says. "They [the media] are going to laugh at me if I start sending out the Mike Rozier doll." Hold it, Don. Isn't there a painting of Rozier on the cover of the Cornhuskers' 1983 media guide, and haven't writers been receiving huge posters of Rozier from Nebraska in the mail? Yes and yes. But Bryant points out that somebody has to be on the media guide cover—you can't very well leave it blank, can you?—

and that the posters were actually mailed out not by Bryant but by the school's strength and conditioning coach, and that furthermore.

We bet there are some writers who would've preferred the doll.

SON OF THE GREAT KEEL CONTROVERSY

The America's Cup (page 30) isn't the only nautical event to have been enlivened this summer by a clandestine Australian keel. Much the same thing transpired at the World Rowing Championships, held recently in Duisburg, West Germany, when the Australians



unpacked their eight-cored shell the day before the first heats. In a splendid send-up of the summer-long fuss in Newport over Australia II's keel, the Aussies had shrouded the shell's keel in a plastic bag. Picking up on the gag, the coxswain on the Canadian Eight later showed up in snorkel and mask, a spoof of his countryman who was caught in Newport trying to take underwater photographs of Australia II's mysterious keel.

The Aussie Eight, which actually had a very conventional underside, won the bronze medal, finishing behind New Zealand and East Germany. The U.S., Australia's foe in Newport, placed seventh.

continued

Come to Marlboro

A cowboy on a dark horse is herding a group of brown and white cattle through a field of tall, golden grass. In the background, there is a dense line of green trees. The scene is captured in a cinematic style with soft lighting.

©1999 Philip Morris Inc.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

11 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette (FTC Report Mar. 89)

Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

WARM AND STRANGE

Some wild things are going on along the Pacific littoral. For the first time ever, an Oregon fisherman has caught a popeyed catfish, a tropical species that ordinarily ranges between Peru and Baja California, while a few weeks ago an Oregon crabber lifted his pot and found a fine-scaled triggerfish, native to waters from Chile to Baja. Last week, in one 15-minute trawl 30 miles off San Francisco a woman netted 16 Pacific barracuda—300 miles north of the species' regular haunts. Barracuda have even been taken off the coast of Washington, and what was believed to be a swordfish was caught off British Columbia. Dr. Keith Ketchem of the Pacific Biological Station in Nanaimo, B.C. says, "Whether it's a swordfish or a marlin, we're not quite sure. Our people here are quite unfamiliar with beasts like that."

The unusual catches are symptomatic of large-scale temperature changes in the eastern Pacific resulting from El Niño, the name given to the abnormally warm expanse of water that builds up every five years or so off Peru. El Niño usually shows up around Christmas, but this one began to form in June 1982, six months early. It eventually covered an area the

size of Canada, triggering heavy storms and flooding from Ecuador to California, the southern Rockies and Florida, and drought in many other parts of the world. Although the area initially affected by El Niño has diminished in size, Pacific coastal waters are still 2° to 4° warmer than normal off the lower U.S., Canada and Alaska.

Tropical and subtropical fish have shown up in unexpected numbers in this warmer water. James Squire of the National Marine Fisheries Service Center in La Jolla, Calif. reports that there has been an unusually big run along the Southern California coast of yellowfin and skipjack tuna, up from Baja California and Mexico. Anglers have also been catching striped marlin as far north as Monterey, and Pacific bonito from San Diego to British Columbia. "We've got tons of bonito on the coast and in San Francisco Bay, where the water temperature has risen as high as 66°," says Larry Green of San Bruno, who does fishing broadcasts for KCBS in San Francisco. "It's 72° in the ocean, 10° above the norm for this time of year. Stripper fishermen have been taking bonito and barracuda with metal lures right in the surf." On Sept. 10, during an annual shark derby in San Francisco Bay, angler Peter Rattinger took a 13-pound, six-ounce black sea bass, the first ever recorded in the bay, near Candlestick Park.

Native species meanwhile have become scarce. Dr. Murray Hayes of the National Marine Fisheries Service Center in Seattle says that coho salmon returning to spawning rivers from California to Puget Sound are significantly smaller than usual because they haven't been able to feed normally in inshore waters. And the numbers of returning coho are down by as much as 75% in some rivers. Early returns of chinook salmon to the Klamath River in Northern California are "abysmally low," and Hayes says there have also been dislocations with sockeye salmon returning to the Fraser River in British Columbia.

Dr. William H. Quinn, an oceanographer at Oregon State, is one of several experts who think that the lingering effects of El Niño are actually part of a larger global climatic change that began in 1976. "Perhaps the changing climatic effects will be measured by the decade rather than season by season," says Quinn. "We don't know, when this El Niño episode does wind down, whether

we will return to conditions as they were before or whether we are headed for a different climatic equilibrium point."

In other words, fishermen, be ready for anything.

GLAD YOU ASKED

Karen Permezel, a regular on the LPGA tour, hails from Yackandandah, Australia. Finding that name to be quite a mouthful, writers sometimes ask Permezel where the town is located. Permezel is happy to be of assistance. "It's at the foot of Mount Marambarambannong, right near Tangambalanga," she replies.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY, OR SOMEDAY

If this keeps up, Kansas City Chiefs Coach John Mackovic is going to get himself a reputation as a philosopher. Not long ago (SCORECARD, Aug. 29), we reported Mackovic's observations about how coaches over the years have had to change the way they talk to athletes. According to Mackovic, the coaches used to say, "Go over and stand in the corner," later amended that to "Please stand in the corner," then to "How about if you went over and stood in the corner?" next to "How about us talking about you standing in the corner?" and finally to "Why don't I go over and stand in the corner for you?"

A good one, right? But certainly no more thought-provoking than this recent Mackovicism: "You must always be prepared for today. If you lose sight of that, then you will never have a today, which was a tomorrow yesterday. What I'm saying is, you must be prepared for today, because tomorrow really doesn't ever get here from yesterday, and we have to assume it will get here again tomorrow."

THEY SAID IT

• Bobby Hull, who objects so strenuously to the fact that the Hockey Hall of Fame charges an admission price that he refuses to let the Toronto shrine display his mementos: "After 23 years of having to pay to watch me play, I don't think people should have to pay to see my broken hockey sticks and dirty underwear."

• John Riggins, Redskins running back, on his reputation for being out of sync with the rest of the world: "I don't know if I'm ahead or behind, but I know I'm not even."

END

**A STREAK OF SORTS**

Auburn defeated Alabama last season for the first time in a decade, but a sign in a 'Bama fan's camper sighted the other day in Birmingham suggests that perhaps Tiger rosters shouldn't try to make too much of that achievement:

1972 AUBURN 17 ALABAMA 16
1982 AUBURN 23 ALABAMA 22
1992 CAN AUBURN MAKE IT
THREE IN A ROW?

*"My hotel
recognizes the
quality of Smirnoff."*

*"My guests
demand its value."*



JAMES A. NASSIKAS, President
The Stanford Court Hotel

"At the Stanford Court, we've built our business on quality—from the back of the kitchen to the front of the bar.

"That's why we pour Smirnoff® vodka. It's distilled from the finest quality grain money can buy. And only Smirnoff is checked 47 times for quality and smoothness. So for just a little more than ordinary vodkas, we can offer our guests the quality of Smirnoff.

"I think Smirnoff is an excellent value in vodka. And our guests must, too. They keep asking for it."

Smirnoff

There's vodka, and then there's Smirnoff.

REMEMBER SPECIAL OCCASIONS BY SENDING A GIFT OF SMIRNOFF ANYWHERE IN THE CONTINENTAL U.S. CALL TOLL FREE 1 800 578-6548.
SMIRNOFF VODKA 40 & 50 PROOF DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF & SONS, DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC. HARTFORD, CT. MADE IN U.S.A.





It's No Longer Up In The Air

A late-season surge has lifted the Orioles to the top of the heap in the strong American League East

by **RON FIMRITE**

Joe Altobelli, who is too the manager of the Baltimore Orioles, paused long enough in the course of his pregame rounds last Thursday to have his picture taken by a news photographer near the third-base box seats at Fenway Park. Altobelli is an unflaggingly cheerful man, but his granite features are about as easily deployed in a smile as are those of any of the visages on Mount Rushmore. The photographer's futile efforts to elicit a response so amused the jesters in seats nearby that one of them finally called out to Altobelli, "Aw, c'mon Joe, smile like a champion." Suddenly, encouraging fissures appeared in the great stone face. Altobelli was grinning like, well, like a champion.

As of Sunday he and his Orioles had not yet been enthroned as the American League East winners, but they seemingly had converted what once had been a thrilling five-team race in baseball's toughest division into a cakewalk. Early last week they won three of four games from the hapless Bosox in Boston, then wheeled on the staggering Milwaukee Brewers in Baltimore and won another three, effectively eliminating them.

As recently as Aug. 12 five teams were huddled together at the top of the division. Detroit and Milwaukee were tied

continued

Second Baseman Pich Dauer is one of only four Baltimore starters who aren't being platooned.

for first that day, the Yankees were half a game back, the Orioles one game out and Toronto $2\frac{1}{2}$ games behind. Then Baltimore made its move. From Aug. 12 through last Sunday the Birds won 29 and lost only seven and moved to a seven-game lead over second-place Detroit. Altobelli, who has a keen sense of baseball history, winces—or at least seems to—when someone mentions “playoffs” in his presence, but the Orioles are prohibitive favorites now. So don’t ask why that man is smiling.

It’s Altobelli, the big guy with the five o’clock shadow, not the retired Earl Weaver, who is now making all the moves in Baltimore, and they’re as numerous, if somewhat more predictable, than his sainted predecessor’s. Weaver has visited the Birds’ clubhouse only once this season—on his way to being inducted into the Orioles’ Hall of Fame—

and at dinner that evening he and Altobelli had their only serious conversation. “Earl gave me good advice,” says Altobelli. “He told me, ‘Joe, I could tell you about this ball club, and I could tell you about managing, but I’m not going to. You’ll just have to do it your way.’ He was right.”

Altobelli, who’s a mean singer of popular songs, has indeed “done it my way,” which has involved some of the most extensive platooning this side of the NFL. The players protest, however, that it doesn’t make any difference who’s managing them because they’re going to do it their way, which is the Oriole way, the winning way. Some of the veterans on this excellent team have long bristled over the widespread notion that they were mere pawns in the hands of chess master Earl. With Weaver retired, they have seized the opportunity to establish once and for all that they’re the ones who have been winning all those games.

“What we’ve done this year is testament that we’ve had a few good ball-players on this club,” says Designated Hitter Ken Singleton, an Oriole since 1975. “The first question all of us were asked after Earl left was, ‘Will you miss Earl?’ How do you think that made us feel? One writer even picked us to finish next-to-last without him. Well, we became just a little more determined this spring. It’s a matter of pride. I actually believe we’re a better team this season.” Singleton laughs. “I think the only real change is that the decibel level has gone down a little. I was sitting next to Scott McGregor on the bench one night not long ago when we were losing by something like 10-0. Scotty turned to me and said, ‘Isn’t it good to know you stink and

not hear about it every two seconds?’”

The Orioles have long stressed the organization above the individual, the sacrificing of personal goals for team wins. “Our success lies within the system,” says Outfielder John Lowenstein. “We retain our talent much longer than other organizations. We quietly weed out the unwanted, the unnecessary and the unproductive. We fit diverse personalities into the system.” It’s appropriate that this paean to conformity should be delivered by Baltimore’s most outspoken and independent individual. Lowenstein is, in fact, a sort of symbol of Oriole-ism. A caller on Larry King’s nationwide radio talk show recently referred to Baltimore as “a team of John Lowenstein’s.”

Altobelli would happily platoon everyone, but he has contented himself with using lefty-righty combinations in left-field and centerfield all the time, third base most of the time and rightfield and catcher much of the time. It matters not what the score or the inning: If the other team brings in a pitcher who throws with a different arm, Altobelli will bring in batters who swing from the other side. Everybody gets into the act, which is great for total team involvement.

The system works almost all the time, which makes it far easier to get the players to accept it. That, too, is the Oriole way. Lowenstein and Gary Roenacke in tandem are the equal of any single left-fielder in the American League, with the exception of Jim Rice. Both are excellent fielders and their averages at week’s end, .280 for Lowenstein and .272 for Roenacke, were nearly identical, as were their times at bat, .279 for Lowenstein, .294 for Roenacke, and hits, 78 for Lowenstein, 80 for Roenacke. Together they had hit 31 homers and driven in 113 runs. Roenacke says, “Earl went by stats or hunches, so I’d hit against some righthanders, Joe goes strictly by the percentages. I’ve hit 18 of my 19 homers off lefthanders.”

Rick Dempsey, certainly one of the headiest catchers in the game, is equally well adjusted to sharing time behind the plate with Joe Nolan. “I’d be a fool to say I should play every day when we’ve got Joe Nolan around,” he says. “Not one of us on this team is indispensable.” He thinks a little about that last statement. “Not any of us, that is, except our three offensive guns—Singleton, (Eddie) Murray and (Cal) Ripken.”

There’s no sense in platooning Murray



Ripken has taken his naps in all the games this season.

and Singleton under any circumstances, because both are switch hitters. Besides, through Sunday, Murray was among the league leaders in average (.305), runs (107), homers (28) and RBIs (101). He's a strong candidate for league MVP. An even stronger candidate might be Ripken, the 23-year-old shortstop. Ripken was Rookie of the Year in '82, having hit 28 homers, scored 90 runs and driven in 93 while batting .264. That was merely a warmup. At week's end Ripken was batting .308 with 24 homers and 94 RBIs and was leading the league with 109 runs scored. He had reached base either through a hit or a walk in 130 of the team's 147 games. Ripken is also the only major league player this season who has not so much as missed an inning of any game.

Ripken was virtually born an Oriole: his father, Cal Sr., managed in the Oriole farm system and is now the Baltimore third base coach. Cal Sr., who never played in the majors, was standing at the batting cage watching Cal Jr. hit towering shots over the distant fences in batting practice Saturday when Larry Haney, the Milwaukee bullpen coach, approached him. Pointing to the younger Ripken, Haney announced loudly, "Boy has just like his father—right-handed."

Cal Jr. is a strapping 6' 4" 210-pounder who may still be growing. Since the Orioles signed him in 1978 he has added two inches in height and gained 30 pounds. "There's no telling how good he can be," his father says cautiously. Cal Jr.'s teammates are less circumspect. "He'll be a household name," says Lowenstein. "I thought he'd improve his hitting by 10 to 20 points this year," says Singleton. "He's improved by 40. He could be Rookie of the Year one season and MVP the next. He's really going to be something. There could be 15 years of breaking the walk down."

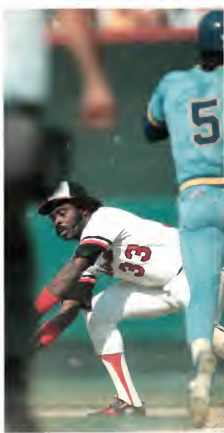
Breaking walks down is another part of the Orioles' system—they have 153 homers this season. Yet another is pitching, but for a while it looked as if it might break down. "In spring training I saw us having eight quality veteran pitchers, with five kids vying for the ninth spot," says the esteemed pitching coach, Ray Miller. "I didn't know we'd need those kids." Disaster struck the Orioles' staff in midseason. There was a three-week period in July when Cy Young Award winners Jim Palmer (back, neck and triceps

problems) and Mike Flanagan (stretched knee ligaments) and star Reliever Tippy Martinez (emergency appendectomy) were all on the disabled list. And another starter, Dennis Martinez, was struggling through his worst season ever. To the rescue came "the kids." Allan Ramirez and Mike Boddicker, both 26. Ramirez won four important games before he, too, got injured—pulled side muscle. And Boddicker? Well, to everyone's surprise, including his own, he became one of the league's premier starting pitchers. His 2.72 ERA through Sunday was second-best in the league. Boddicker also had a 14-7 record and was second on the Orioles to McGregor (17-6) with nine complete games. Exults Altobelli, "He has been little short of sensational."

Boddicker's most effective pitch is a forkball changeup, which Miller calls a "foshball," a contraction of "dead fish," the Orioles' term for changeup, and "fork," as in forkball. None other than Yaz himself has said that the foshball is unhittable even when the hitter knows it's coming.

It will come as little comfort to the other fading contenders in the East that Orioles pitching is now in tip—or Tippy—top shape. Flanagan, who won his first six decisions before he got hurt, won his 12th game Saturday against only three losses, and Tippy Martinez, also fully recovered, got his 18th save that night. McGregor is having his best season since 1980 when he won 20, and young Storm Davis is 12-6. Only Dennis Martinez, 7-14, has failed to recover.

The Oriole clubhouse is among the most subdued in all of baseball—no radio or tape deck lays aural siege. There is comparatively little boisterous profanity. And there are few high jinks, save for an



Murray can pick 'em just as well as he can poke 'em.

occasional dry McGregor jest—"Well, there's Flanagan sitting there in his underwear, trying to decide whether or not he'll toe the rubber tonight." That is also the Oriole way. Cal Ripken Sr., who is a father figure on the team in more ways than one, feels there's strength in serenity. "We don't get real high or very far down," he says. "It's been that way for years. We know that win or lose, it's always going to be nothing-to-nothing tomorrow."

That is, until the Orioles come to bat. Then, it's quickly plenty-to-nothing. With more on the way. **END**

Steve Pelluer, Washington's senior quarterback, was preparing to give it a final college try in the fourth quarter against Michigan last Saturday, when an odd thought popped into his head. "Either way this turns out," he remembers thinking, "it has been a great game." It was a strange notion, because when Washington lost—which, behind 24-10, it was clearly going to do—Pelluer would get the goat horns.

Sure, Pelluer might have rationalized that the competition, not the result, was the thing, but, as he knew well, the 60,638 fans in Husky Stadium were feeling differently. They were feeling enormously ticked off that Pelluer had thrown away the Huskies' chances of up-

Here's A Story With A Perfect Ending

Washington's Steve Pelluer had 14 straight completions and hit two late TDs to upset No. 1 Michigan

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

setting Michigan, then ranked No. 1 by SI, with a careless interception that led to a Wolverine touchdown and a fumble that Michigan recovered in the Washington end zone. But alas, those who left early will forever swear they stayed until the end. For all Pelluer did in the final 14:51 was lead the Huskies 75 yards down the field for one touchdown, then direct them on an 80-yard drive for an-



other and, with 34 seconds left, pass for the two-point conversion that gave Washington a 25-24 victory. To accomplish all this, Pelluer had to complete 14 passes in a row—yes, in a row—and keep his head while others didn't. "That dang interception and that dang fumble did put a damper on things for a while, didn't they?" said Pelluer afterward.

Washington won not because it was the better team—which it wasn't—but because it wanted to win more than Michigan. The Wolverines lost partly because they violated a principle that Defensive Coordinator Gary Moeller tries to instill in his troops: "You can't panic." The Huskies, on the other hand, played according to the philosophy of Coach Don James, who says the same thing a bit more professorially: "Don't disintegrate under pressure."

While Pelluer was having his once-in-a-lifetime day, completing 27 of 33 passes for 269 yards, Michigan's junior quarterback, Steve Smith, was giving his best performance ever—18 for 26 passing for 225 yards while still recovering from a shoulder bruise suffered during last January's Rose Bowl loss to UCLA. After having barely beaten lowly Washington State without Smith, Wolverine Coach Bo Schembechler said that, for the Washington game, "if we have Smith, we'll be O.K." Wrong.

What turned heads about the Huskies' win was that they lost 34 lettermen from their talented 1982 outfit, which went 10-2. But Michigan should have heeded the handwritten sign in its dressing room back in Ann Arbor: DON JAMES DOES NOT REBUILD AT WASHINGTON. HE RELOADS. On Saturday the bang-bang was heard all over college football. Of huge concern for Washington this season was the replacement of three departed wide receivers: Paul Skansi, No. 1 Husky in career receptions; Anthony Allen, No. 3; and Aaron Williams, No. 5. It seems James has reloaded with equally explosive guys named Danny Greene, Larry Michael, Dave Stransky and Mark Pattison, who together came up with 22 receptions Sat-

urday. "We knew we could play," says Stransky, a senior, "but we had to wait our turns."

Stransky's turn came with 10:51 remaining in the second quarter, when he drifted behind the Michigan secondary and caught a 19-yarder to put Washington ahead 10-3. Then, when the first of Washington's two long drives unfolded in the fourth quarter, Greene's turn came. Of the first six of Pelluer's consecutive completions, three went to Greene, a junior, on tosses of 14, 15 and nine yards. Another went to Pattison, a junior, who made a diving catch on the Michigan 13 to extricate his team from a potentially fatal third-and-four. Fullback Walt Hunt ran it over from the three. Trailing by seven with 9:06 left, Husky hopes were raised, if only for the moment.

Smith expertly led the Wolverines 65 yards to the Husky 15. There, however, Michigan Kicker Todd Schlopy somehow missed a 32-yard field goal. That gave Pelluer his last chance with 3:40 left. He drilled seven more completions in a row, with Michael and Stransky at first taking turns on the receiving end. Then Pattison got another chance. He was to run a five-yard out pattern, but because he was covered so closely by Michigan's John Lott, he turned it into a seven-yard bump and go. Pelluer, master of the soft touch, lofted a lazy ball into the corner of the end zone, and Pattison snared it to put Washington within one point of the Wolverines.

In view of Michigan's insistence on the blitz—"I don't know why they did it, but I liked it," said Pelluer—the call on the two-point conversion attempt was simple: a short crossing pattern involving Michael and Greene, plus the hope, as Michael explained later, "that something might get all jumbled up in the middle." Something did, and Pelluer was on target for the 14th straight time, to Michael. "I think," said the receiver, "that this will give us confidence to knock heads with high-caliber teams."

Long after the hysterical mob had fled the stadium in search of more good times, Pelluer was walking slowly away. "Do you feel like a star?" he was asked.

"No," he said. "I feel like a victor. Great game, huh?"

END

Pattison beat Lott for a TD with 0:34 left. Then Pelluer's two-point pass clinched it.



Winning Was No Skin Off His Back

A mysterious skin rash didn't keep Kentucky Derby victor Sunny's Halo from shining in another big race, Super Derby IV **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Two weeks ago, about half an hour after *Stew O' Gold* had upset *Bikes Motel* in the \$200,000 Woodward Stakes at Belmont Park, David Cross Jr., the trainer of 1983 Kentucky Derby winner Sunny's Halo, walked into Esposito's Tavern across from the track, sat down on a stool and delivered a soliloquy of frustration. "What the hell did that race do to the 3-year-old situation?" he began. "As far as I'm concerned it just confused it even more. And it wasn't good for my horse. The way things have been going for Sunny's Halo and me, the next thing that goes right for us will be the first one since the seventh of May. There have been days when I thought that the worst thing that ever happened to both of us was winning the Derby. The days since have certainly been no picnic."

There's an old adage about horse trainers that says, "Any man that gives up a stable full of horses to stick with only

one is a fool. Early this year Cross abandoned the 30 other horses in his charge to stay with Sunny's Halo. Last Saturday afternoon at Louisiana Downs in Bossier City, that decision was fully vindicated by his copper-colored colt, who ran away with Super Derby IV by 10 lengths. At the finish of the \$500,000, 1¼-mile race, the horse closest to Sunny's Halo was Play Fellow, the winner of three consecutive major stakes, the Arlington Classic, the American Derby and the Travers Stakes. Not only did Sunny's Halo blow out the rest of the field, he also tied the track record of 2:01 3/5.

When Cross paraded Sunny's Halo to the winner's circle there were tears behind his sunglasses and he was trembling. He didn't hoot, holler or gloat at a time when he had every right to do so. When things go wrong with a one-horse stable,

a trainer, as Cross says, "can go absolutely bonkers, second-guess himself from morning to night." Now those misgivings had been erased.

Between winning the Kentucky Derby and the Super Derby, Cross and his horse had gone through thoroughbred hell. Sunny's Halo has had a skin infection, a respiratory ailment, a sore ankle, bleeding, fierce allergies to dirt and dust, a severe weight loss and great difficulty coping with the heat of one of the hottest summers on record.

For weeks before the Super Derby, Cross could be found morning and night grazing Sunny's Halo on the backstretch of either Saratoga or Belmont Park, walking him in large circles to try to keep the oppressive heat from bothering the colt. "It seems that everyone has given up on my horse," he said one day. "Some



Turning into the stretch, Sunny's Halo (in a shadow roll) pulled away from the pack.

After the Derby, Sunny's rash went wild. The rash—or rashes—seemed to vary in intensity depending on the weather, Sunny's surroundings and, perhaps, his mood. About one thing there was no doubt: When Sunny's skin was tender he didn't perform very well.

Unfortunately, Sunny's skin ailments seemed to worsen at Pimlico, home of the Preakness. Syndications were forming to buy the colt, but the prices were contingent on his winning the Preakness. Sunny's Halo finished sixth.

Subsequently the colt, who remained afflicted by the rashes to varying degrees, finished fourth in the Arlington Classic and came in third in the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga. "In the Whitney he was only beaten by three-quarters of a length while stuck down on a dead rail," Cross says. "When I tried to get him ready for the Travers two weeks later, the problems started up again."

Heat was one of them, along with humidity. Cross spent hours trying to make Sunny comfortable. He had one fan placed above the horse's back, and another on the ground in front of him—blowing toward his face. He sprayed water in front of Sunny's stall to keep the dust and dirt from getting to the horse's sensitive skin. Rather than bedding Sunny down in straw, he used wood shavings. Cross was hot-walker, groom, day watchman, part-time night watchman, one-man band.

Four days before he was to ship Sunny's Halo to Louisiana Downs, Cross found hope. "The weather was getting a bit cooler in New York," he says, "and the nights weren't that humid. But I knew that the weather in Louisiana could be bad." Indeed, it can be. It isn't uncommon for horses to dehydrate in the heat and humidity there. Two days before Super Derby IV, Sunny's Halo arrived at Louisiana Downs to find the weather relatively temperate. "If this holds," Cross said, "we may be OK." When Cross arrived at the barn on race day at 5:45 a.m., Sunny was bouncing up and down.

"This horse will run good," Cross said. "I'm going to tell Laffit [Jockey Laffit

Pincay Jr.] to lay second behind Desert Wine and not let him steal off to a big lead. That is the key to the race. Sunny's Halo is as good now as any time before the Kentucky Derby."

Breaking from the inside post position, Desert Wine shot to the front, and Sunny's Halo moved into second place around the first turn. At the $\frac{3}{4}$ pole Sunny's Halo moved in front, and with a quarter of a mile remaining, he had a 1½-length lead. He almost cantered home.

Sunny's Halo's win jumped his purse earnings to \$1.2 million lifetime and \$991,962 for the year. Despite all his troubles, he has won the two richest Grade I races for 3-year-olds run in the U.S. this year. Early Sunday morning, horse and trainer got onto a charter that flew them home to California.

"When I get to Santa Anita," Cross said, "the first thing I will do is go out and buy two fans for Sunny's Halo." **END**



This is only one of Sunny's numerous fans.

are even laughing at him now. I know that he hasn't made much money since the Kentucky Derby (only \$27,312), but I guess I'm just too stubborn to quit on him. I'm not going to quit on him. I've forgotten the number of veterinarians we've used. Maybe six. Maybe nine. There was also a dermatologist."

Clearly, Sunny needed to win the Super Derby—or he would be remembered as just a horse that got lucky on the first Saturday in May. But even that visit to Churchill Downs wasn't all that lucky.

When Sunny's Halo arrived there, he was given a special saddle cloth with a number on it so that the press could identify him in the morning workouts. After Sunny's second time on the track, however, Cross noticed a rash starting to develop on his horse. Cross felt that the numbers on the cloth might have been the cause. He removed the cloth, but Sunny's Halo remained bothered by the rash. Still, Sunny won the Kentucky Derby by two very impressive lengths.

The defense must make Vince Lombardi turn over in his grave, and the Packer sweep doesn't howl anyone over anymore, but in Green Bay they're getting ready to break out the pack is back bumper stackers again. The reason? Simple. In this Age of Airball the Packers have the juiciest passing game in the NFC. Green Bay finished the strike-shortened '82 season with the best record (5-3-1) among NFC Central teams, and after Sunday's 27-24 win over the Los Angeles Rams, the Packers are 2-1 and flying high again.

In James Lofton, John Jefferson and Paul Coffman, Green Bay has the best trio of receivers in the NFC. But the unlikely hero of the Pack's air attack is Lynn Dickey, a 33-year-old, immobile, oft-injured but strong-armed quarterback. Dickey didn't play a full season as a starter until 1980, his 10th year in the NFL, but now he's leading the league in passing. Through Sunday's game he had completed 63 of 87 passes—72.4%—for 911 yards and nine touchdowns. Dickey is also the career leader among quarterbacks in the category of gruesome injuries and ailments, and despite his brilliant start this season, 1983 has proved no exception in that regard.

Dickey's ills this year began when he got a headache on the Thursday before Green Bay's opener against Houston. No problem. Pain is Dickey's constant companion, the lapdog given to him at the start of his pro career. Without doubt, Dickey has been spindled, torn, battered, injected, cut, sutured, rehabbed, written off and resurrected more times than any other man still playing the game. His injuries have left him with a reputation as one tough hombre, a genuine stoic, a man who would battle Godzilla—and win—to stay at the job he loves.

The headache kept getting worse. On Friday, Dickey had to leave practice and go home because of the pain. Nobody doubted that this was real pain. Dickey, after all, had played part of the 1979 season with an 18-inch steel rod holding his lower left leg together and never complained. Nor did anyone assume that the cause of this headache, which couldn't be traced to fever or trauma, would be simple to pin down. "Lynn never has anything you can handle real easily," says

Domenic Gentile, a Packer trainer for 22 years. "In the training room now, if a player comes in and has an injury we can't do anything about, we call it an L.I.D., a Lynn Dickey."

There was talk that Dickey might have to sit out the Houston game, which also would have been no surprise. In his NFL career he has missed 53 games because of injury. It wasn't always like this. Indeed, Dickey's early years back in Osawatimie, Kans. (pop. 4,500) were tranquil and rel-

but in 1972 he figured he had a shot at the starting job. Then came a preseason game against St. Louis in the Astrodome.

With his receivers covered, Dickey tried to scramble but was grabbed from behind by a Cardinal defender, who rode him to the artificial turf piggyback style. Dickey's left knee struck the ground with such force that it jammed his left hip bone out of its socket, breaking off a piece of the socket bone and tearing ligaments in the process.

He Takes Great Pains With His Passing

Quarterback Lynn Dickey has often come back from injuries, and with him the Pack may come back, too

by RICK TELANDER

atively pain-free. "Lynn spent his time throwing things and playing games," says his father, Carl, a retired railroadman for the Missouri-Pacific. "He didn't know what an injury was." Dickey didn't miss a game in high school, and at Kansas State he was unavailable just once, because of bruised ribs. His notions of physical hardship and limitation came from observing his older brother Larry, who was crippled by polio at age six.

Things began to change for Dickey when he arrived at the 1971 Senior Bowl. Fired up by all the gawking pro scouts, Dickey threw too hard too fast in the game after not warming up sufficiently, and his arm got sore. "I could almost hear the scouts mumbling," says Dickey, a slow-talking, self-effacing type. "I'd been told I'd be a first-round pick, but I figured I was dropping a few notches."

He figured right. He wasn't drafted until the third round, by Houston, which had already taken Quarterback Dan Pastorini in the first round. Dickey rode the bench behind Pastorini that first year.

Dickey regularly gets his head handed to him by blitzers like the Rams' LeRoy Irvin



The Oilers' doctor snapped Dickey's hip back into its socket, and Dickey felt so relieved he tried to stand up so he could go back to the huddle. The doctor kept him down. Indeed, the injury was so severe that it didn't even resemble a sports injury: it was like the kind of joint damage associated with a high-speed, head-on auto collision, a "dashboard injury," as it's called in emergency rooms.

The next day Dickey was flown to Boston to undergo surgery by a hip specialist. The broken piece of socket bone was reattached with two screws. "I think it was the worst nerve injury I've ever seen," says Dr. Robert Fain, the Houston team physician who became associated with the Oilers at the time of Dickey's rehabilitation. Dickey had to get spec-

uons in his back for several weeks to give him nerve blocks for the unremitting pain. He remembers getting a shot of morphine one night and passing out, then waking up and crying himself back to sleep. One morning he had no feeling in his left leg. A doctor came in his room with a pin and an ink marker and began jabbing Dickey in the leg, making marks where he had no feeling. The doctor said that he would return in an hour and that, if the numbness hadn't subsided he would be forced to reopen the 13-inch incision on Dickey's hip. Dickey asked if he could get his leg out of traction for a while. The doctor removed it from traction and left, and Dickey started beating fiercely on his leg. Eventually some feeling came back, and Dickey was able to

avoid another session with the knife. The pain was still severe a month later when Dickey left the Boston hospital to begin learning to walk again.

Dickey is 6'4" and normally weighs between 200 and 210 pounds. But when he returned to Houston, he weighed just 170. "It was scary," Pastormi recalls. "He was skin and bones. Plus he was on pain drugs and was sort of out of it. You wondered if he'd hurt his hip or his brain."

Dickey fought through the fog and, with the help of Oiler Quarterback Coach King Hill, began his comeback. He went from a wheelchair to crutches to a cane, and then around New Year's 1973 he walked unassisted. When he finally shuffled around a football field a short while later, he called home immedi-

Continued





ately. "Guess what?" he said to his parents. "I just jogged."

Dickey made the Oilers' roster again the next fall, astonishing everyone. But he could never supplant Pastorini, and after the '75 season he was traded to Green Bay. He started for the Packers in '76, but in the 10th game he separated his right-throwing-shoulder and underwent surgery in which a screw was implanted in the joint. The operation itself was routine, but the incision became infected. Dickey recovered during the off-season and was doing well the next year until Ram Defense Tackle Larry Brooks crashed into him on the last play of a game on Nov. 13.

Brooks's hit shattered the tibia and fibula in Dickey's left leg, and as Dickey lay on the sod, his left ankle pointed in at a 90-degree angle. Doctors operated, screwing a metal plate to the broken bones to secure them while they knitted. After several months the plate was removed, and Dickey tried to run again. He worked up to a mile a day, but the pain in his leg never slackened. There was non-union of the bones. In effect, the leg was still broken.

Dickey had to undergo yet another op-



Dickey's scarred shoulder doesn't bother him now, whether he's tossing a Packer pass or a Frisbee with daughter Elizabeth.



eration, one in which a metal rod was hammered like a railroad spike down through an opening just below his knee and into his tibia. The rod strengthened the bone, but it left Dickey with such acute tendinitis in his knee that he could barely jog.

"I remember seeing him when he was

in a lot of pain sitting alone in the whirlpool," says Gentile. "He'd be tapping the sides with his fingers, and you could tell he was thinking about quitting."

Dickey went so far as to interview for a job as a sporting-goods sales rep, but he quickly dropped the idea. After missing all but a few plays of 33 consecutive games, he hobbled back into the Packers' starting lineup in November of 1979.

In 1980 the rod was removed from Dickey's leg—it was his seventh operation—and the tendinitis in his knee cleared up. Since then Dickey's injuries have been less severe, if not less painful. In 1980 he had tendinitis in his right shoulder, which at times prevented him from throwing in practice; in 1981 he missed three games after getting speared in the back; this summer his back acted up, and then came that headache the week of the Houston game.

Dickey doesn't talk about his pains much. A couple of years ago he told a reporter, "If no one ever talked to me, it wouldn't bother me a bit." He likes to spend his free time with his family—wife Sherry and three daughters, ages nine, seven and three. When he goes out with the boys, he'll sit back and swap tales, referring to himself occasionally as "this pitiful specimen."

"I don't know how important it is to like the people you work with," says Lofton. "But we all like Lynn."

And not just for his courage and calm. "He's got this intensity on the field," says Packer Tackle Greg Koch. "I remember a game against the 49ers when he got sacked and he was screaming at the offensive line all the way to the sideline. All of a sudden I heard a helmet go whizzing over my head. Lynn had thrown it at all

continued

Earning a buck is hard. Enjoying it shouldn't be.

It's only a few hours on a Fall afternoon, but you looked forward to it all week. So it's only natural that Kessler's there, too. It's a smooth, easy whiskey—as smooth as silk. And Kessler's a smooth, easy whiskey on the pocketbook. That's easy to take, too.



© 1983 JAMES KESSLER CO., UNBLENDED, 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) 750 ML. 40% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.



PLAYERS GO PLACES

Meet Players.

Regular and Menthol
Kings and 100's.



Kings: 12 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 14 mg "tar,"
1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

of us. Most quarterbacks couldn't get away with that, but Lynn can. We live and die with him."

By kickoff time of the opener against the Oilers, Dickey felt like he was going to die of his headache. He hadn't practiced on Saturday, and Sunday morning he had told his roommate, Kicker Jan Stenerud, that it felt like "bull pen hammers are pounding behind my temples." Stenerud was worried. "Lynn is the toughest guy I know," he says. "But he looked like death."

During pregame warm-ups Dickey just jogged, grimacing with every step. Though his head was killing him, he decided to play. Before the game got under way, however, he told his receivers and backs to listen closely to him on the field, particularly on audibles, because he would not be able to yell. Doing so hurt too much.

At the end of the first quarter, despite continually grabbing his head in pain, Dickey was 10 for 10 for 90 yards and a touchdown. By late in the second quarter he had completed 18 passes in a row, tying him with Denver's Steve Deberg for second place in NFL history for consecutive pass completions. The record is 20, by Cincinnati's Ken Anderson. Dickey's 19th pass fell incomplete, however, as did his 20th. Both probably would have been completed if the receivers had heard Dickey's faint audibles or been able to read his lips.

Dickey finished the day with 27 completions in 31 attempts for 333 yards and five touchdowns, the last figure tying a Packer record. The Packers edged Houston 41-38 in overtime, but Dickey wasn't around at the finish. After his last pass, a 74-yard TD throw to Lofton late in the fourth quarter, he staggered to the sideline, told backup Quarterback David Whitehurst "I don't feel good," and lay down. An ambulance cart took him to the Astrodome dressing room.

Dickey spent that Monday in a Green Bay hospital taking tests to find out what was wrong with him. The headache turned out to be the result of a spinal injection he had been given the week before for his bad back. Spinal fluid had been leaking from the puncture into the tissues surrounding the spine. What Dickey had done was play a brilliant football game while suffering from a post-spinal-puncture headache, which can be horribly painful. Dickey, of

course, had feared something worse. "With my luck," he said, "I figured they'd find a baseball in my head."

The headache is gone now. On Sunday against the Rams, Dickey had a hot hand in the early going, completing 13 of his 19 first-half passes for 161 yards as he moved Green Bay to a 17-3 lead. L.A. eventually got rolling against the Packers' patchwork defense, however, and by the fourth quarter the Rams had gone ahead 24-17. The Packers tied the score on a four-yard run by Eddie Lee Ivey early in the final period after Dickey had marched them 65 yards, 59 of them on 4 for 4 passing. The Rams had a chance to regain the lead in the final minutes when Kicker Chuck Nelson lined up for a chip shot field-goal try but the Packers' 6'5" Tight End Gary Lewis leaped high to block it. L.A. subsequently forced Green Bay to punt but on the following play Ram rookie Running Back Eric Dickerson's fumble was recovered at Los Ange-

les' 19-yard line with 33 seconds left to play. Stenerud then drilled a 36-yard field goal to win it for Green Bay.

For Dickey, the question of pain remains, as it always will. Gentle says Dickey will have to lift weights the rest of his life to compensate for his injuries. Packer Coach Bart Starr says Dickey is a throwback to the old days, when players lived by a tougher code. "We don't want anybody to play injured," says Starr. "But play hurt, yes, you have to."

Dickey, who keeps his souvenir surgical rod and screws in a hardware drawer in his house, says he has kept playing for several reasons. Part of it, of course, is for his brother, "Larry loves sports, and I was always his arms and legs," says Dickey. And part of it is for the glory and the cash. But most of it is just because it feels right.

And the pain?

"You've just got to roll with it," he says. "After a while, who cares?" **END**



The Packers' leaping Lewis saved the day by blocking Nelson's field-goal attempt.

Is There A Change In The Wind?



Liberty (right) charged hard, but Australia II appears more than a match for her in a light breeze.



In the America's Cup the Aussies, though behind 2-1, were so awesome it seemed possible that after 132 years the Auld Mug could go Down Under
by SARAH PILEGGI

The bolt that holds the America's Cup to a table in the New York Yacht Club on West 44th Street was loosened a bit last week by a white boat with a funny-looking keel. In four races, one of which was not completed, *Australia II*, Ben Lexcen's revolutionary 12-meter yacht, light, fast, maneuverable, stable and, in light air, virtually invulnerable, had proved two things: that she's faster than *Liberty*, the U.S. Cup defender, and that she has made all other existing Twelves obsolete. Now all she has to do to take the America's Cup away from the U.S. for the first time in the trophy's 132-year history is win three more races.

Australia II handicapped herself severely by losing the first two races of the America's Cup four-out-of-seven series because of a combination of tactical errors, two major mechanical breakdowns and *Liberty* Skipper Dennis Connor's vast skill as a 12-meter sailor. It all began on Tuesday, Sept. 13, when The Big Question—how fast is fast enough?—was to be answered at last. As it turned out, Day 1 was a bust—but, Newport being what it is, the bust was spectacular. The morning was clear and warm, and a light breeze of approximately eight knots was blowing out of the north as a spectator fleet of at least 1,500 boats formed a three-mile-long semicircle behind the starting area, 7.8 miles southeast of the

mouth of Narragansett Bay. It was as large a gathering of boats as even the most grizzled America's Cup observers could remember. Three-masted schooners lined up next to multimillion-dollar floating palaces. Ketches, yawls, sloops and cutters bobbed about in the wakes of several hundred runabouts, and the destroyer U.S.S. *Edson* loomed menacingly in the near distance, her guns trained, some said, on *Australia II*, just in case. Overhead, a dozen or so camera-bearing helicopters circled like a squadron of dragonflies, and the Goodyear blimp hung over the gaudy scene like a fat silver sausage.

Shortly before noon a course was set, and *Liberty* and *Australia II* entered the starting area to begin the circling maneuvers that someone once labeled "the mating dance of the lead-bottomed money gobblers." But then the wind shifted sharply to the east, and with two minutes remaining until the starting gun, a postponement flag was raised on *Black Knight*, the N.Y.C.'s race committee boat. For almost two hours the huge fleet rolled around in a chop of its own making, while the race committee waited for the shifty wind to settle on a direction so another course could be set. Connor took *Liberty* on a short but hair-raising jaunt through the spectator fleet to kill time, and finally, at 1:50, the international

continued



code flags went up on *Black Knight*, signaling a new course 56 degrees farther east.

The starting maneuvers began again, but once more the wind shifted. With *Australia II* in the commanding position and 1½ minutes left before the gun, the day's racing was canceled.

Day 1A dawned cold and leaden with an 18-knot wind blowing out of the north-east. The dark-gray sea reflected a



Things were bleak for Bertrand in the first two races: *Australia II* had steering difficulties in Race 1A (below), and sail trouble in Race 2 sent an Aussie mate aloft.



dark-gray sky, and three- to five-foot waves had cut the spectator fleet by half. This time the race got off on schedule. At 12:10 p.m. *Liberty* and *Australia II* crossed the line, both on starboard tack and separated by only three seconds. *Australia II* crossed first, but *Liberty* had won the preferred right side of the line, the side of the course usually favored by the wind shifts on Rhode Island Sound.

After eight minutes, when the two boats crossed tacks for the first time, *Australia II* had the lead, but nine minutes later, at the next crossing, *Liberty* was narrowly in front. The two were, in fact, so close that *Australia II* had to bear off slightly to clear *Liberty*'s stern. A quarter of a mile from the first mark, *Australia II* took the lead again and rounded the buoy eight seconds in front. The matchup may have been an apple against an orange, as someone had suggested, referring to the wonderful things *Australia II*'s radical keel might do for her, but it was a matchup that clearly was going to provide some juicy racing. *Australia II* was proving herself no slouch in heavy air and seas, conditions in which she had previously been considered vulnerable. Maybe.

An America's Cup course begins with a windward-reaching triangle followed by a windward, a leeward and another windward leg. The whole thing adds up to 24.3 miles. On the first reaching leg of the triangle *Australia II* increased her lead by two seconds, but on the next reaching leg *Liberty* climbed up on *Australia II*'s weather side and passed her when John Bertrand, *Australia II*'s helmsman, failed to stay between *Liberty* and the mark, thereby breaking a basic rule of match racing. Bertrand later admitted his mistake. "On the first reaching leg Conner had worked up on our weather hip but had posed no threat," he said. "So when he did it again on the second, we thought again he was not a threat. It was a mistake to let him get past so easily, but we learn fast, and it's not a mistake we will make again."

As refreshing as it was to hear someone in Newport admit to having erred, Bertrand's mistake, combined with a breakdown of *Australia II*'s steering mechanism on the last downwind leg, cost her a race she might well have won. The breakdown occurred near the end of the fifth leg, as *Australia II* was close to catching *Liberty*. Conner executed a

continued

SOMETHING A NEW YORK LIFE ANNUITY WILL NEVER DO.

(FOLD)

Put your money into a New York Life Single Premium Retirement Annuity,* and you get three things.

First, you get a very attractive rate of interest.

Second, under the current Federal tax law, you pay no taxes on this return until you withdraw the funds. So your capital grows up to twice as fast as a money market fund, time deposit, or other currently taxable plan.

Third, the safety of your

principal is guaranteed.

Our parent company, New York Life, is not only one of the oldest and largest insurance companies, but one of the strongest. Many families are collecting today on policies we issued before 1900. And many people who buy our policies today will be receiving benefits well towards the close of the 21st century. We keep our promises.

So if you want your capital to grow faster while making sure

your holdings won't fold, buy a New York Life Single Premium Retirement Annuity. Ask me, your New York Life Agent.



*Available in most states. Issued by New York Life Insurance and Annuity Company, a Division of New York Life Insurance Company, New York, NY. ©1990 New York Life Insurance Company.

Here's to more gin taste.



Here's to tastier gin and tonics. With Gilbey's. After all, why mix a gin drink if you can't taste the gin? Gilbey's. Superb gin taste that's worth a toast.

beautifully disguised jibe onto starboard tack that seemed to take the Australians by surprise. Bertrand responded by trying to duck under *Liberty's* stern before jibing for the mark, but as he did so, a steering pulley collapsed under the strain. Suddenly *Australia II* was rudderless. *Liberty* rounded the mark with a lead that she never relinquished. Bertrand had been forced to steer around the mark—and for the first 10 minutes of the next leg—with only his trim tab while his crew jury-rigged a block and tackle below deck. “Steering was a bit scary around that metal buoy,” Bertrand said later in his best Breaker Morant-style understatement. *Liberty* won by 1:10. Conner said afterward, “They were a little faster than we were, but the race doesn’t always go to the swift.”

Race 2 began on a breathtakingly beautiful fall day, a day made for college football and tailgate picnics—and one that served equally well for a 12-meter race. The spectator fleet, though still impressive qualitatively, was now down to the idle rich and the temporarily unemployed. The wind was 17 knots, with higher gusts, out of the northeast, and the surface of the sound was littered with whitecaps as *Liberty* took the start by five seconds. Immediately it became apparent that something was dreadfully wrong on *Australia II*. Her mainsail was not raised all the way to the top of her mast, and its leech, or trailing edge, was flapping wildly. During the starting maneuvers a pin that holds the peak of her sail, the headboard, into the headboard carriage—a metal sandwich that carries the main to the top of the mast—had snapped, and the main had dropped some 12 inches down the mast, where it remained throughout the rest of the race. As long as the wind remained strong, which it did for the first upwind leg, *Australia II* held her own. She even survived a fierce tacking duel in the last quarter-mile and rounded the mark with a 45-second lead. On the reaching legs that followed, the Australians sent Colin Benshel up the 90-foot mast to secure the main. On each leg Benshel worked for 10 minutes, swaying perilously nine stories above the water while he lashed the mainsail to the head of the mast with a strip of Kevlar, the fabric that, ounce for ounce, is reputed to be stronger than steel. Meanwhile, however, *Liberty* was gaining, cutting *Australia II's* lead to 31

seconds at the reaching mark and then 21 seconds at the bottom mark.

On the second upwind leg, with the wind beginning to ease and *Australia II* unable to tack with her usual efficiency, Bertrand sailed off to the left, looking for friendly wind shifts and leaving *Liberty* uncovered, which is always a bad idea. When a likely looking puff turned out instead to be a crippling header, *Australia II* lost the lead to *Liberty* and never got it back. On the final leg, Bertrand gambled one last time. He was hard on *Liberty's* heels but unable to advance under Conner's close cover, so he sailed out to the left again, seemingly in a direct line for Newport, looking for a shift that would carry him in a more direct line to the mark, free of *Liberty's* wind interference. But the wind shifted the wrong way and Bertrand finally was forced to turn back, by which time Conner had built a huge lead. “When you’re behind at the end of a race,” said John Marshall, *Liberty's* mainsail trimmer, “you don’t really care whether you lose by two seconds or two minutes. It was a desperate move, but the only one available. We had the rest covered.”

That evening the Australians lodged a protest over what they said was an overly close tack by *Liberty* on the second upwind leg. If the protest had been allowed, the score would have been 1-1. But after an international jury made up of representatives from Ireland, Canada, Mexico, Bermuda and Sweden had deliberated for six hours, the protest was disallowed, and *Australia II* was two down.

Friday was a lay day, requested by the Aussies. With two races sailed, both of them gut-busters and neither of them won by *Australia II*, designer Lexcen, who was the object of a great deal of unwelcome attention from the N.Y.C. earlier in the summer over the issue of his innovative winged keel, vented his frustration. “We have a faster boat than *Lib-*

erty, and yet we can’t beat that bloody turkey,” he said. “And it’s all my fault. Instead of being in the bloody boat, checking the bloody gear, I’ve been harassed by the New York bloody Yacht Club.”

What happened the next day hurt even more, but neither Lexcen nor the



On Saturday, *Australia II* was mighty, the wind weak.

N.Y.C. could be blamed. Overnight the wind shifted to the southeast and lightened to 10 knots, ideal conditions for *Australia II*, and the Aussies sailed a faultless race. They won the start by 11 seconds, and then they hammered *Liberty* all the way up the first leg to lead by 1:15 at the windward mark. The true *Australia II*, operating trouble-free and

continued



Before Race 3: Rivals circle in a "mating dance of the lead-bottomed money gobblers."



On the way to a 3:14 victory, Australia II led Liberty by :52 at the second mark.

in her element, was finally revealed, and she was stunning. Even when the wind began to shift sharply, turning the first reaching leg into a downwind run, *Australia II* continued to build her lead—to two minutes at the reaching mark. But already the wind was beginning to die. On the fourth leg, it became clear that *Australia II* would have difficulty finishing the race within the five-hour, 15-minute time limit. At that point the boats were moving at 3.7 knots. Conner's navigator, Halsey Herreshoff, figured that to finish in time they would have to average 4.6 knots for the rest of the way. With that fact in mind Conner changed his tactics. He began sailing *Liberty* out on flyers and into holes in the wind, forcing Bertrand, who did not dare leave *Liberty* entirely uncovered, to duplicate these time-consuming maneuvers. And the stopwatches ticked on. What had now become a drifting match continued around the fifth mark, where *Australia II* led by 5:57. About halfway up the last leg, with *Australia II* half a mile in front, time ran out. The Australians returned to their dock and a well-deserved heroes' welcome, but the record still read *Liberty* 2, *Australia II* 0.

Sunday, however, was *Australia II*'s day. The racing began in hazy sun and a light breeze from the southwest—a breeze that held *Liberty* was first across the line, eight seconds in front of *Australia II*, but by the first mark *Australia II* was ahead, as she had been in every race to that point, this time by 1:14. The surplus was enough to carry her through the two reaching legs, the only point of sail in which *Australia II* has shown the slightest vulnerability in light air.

At the third mark her lead was down to 42 seconds, but her predictable upwind performance took it back up to 1:15, and from there on out the race was a rout—2:47 at the last turning mark and 3:14 at the finish, the biggest winning margin scored by a challenger against an American defender since 1871. "We tried almost everything we could think of today," said Conner. "I guess we'll just wait for a breeze. Preferably 40 knots."

Bertrand and his burly crew have demonstrated in the races they lost, as well as in the one they won, that they have the boat and the heart for the job. With a bit of luck, and a glitch-free second week of racing, *Australia II* could become the new home of the Auld Mug. **END**

Are We Cold? Never!

There are some people who love the cold and wind but we certainly are not of that breed. We used to try just about everything to stay warm—big coats, bulky sweaters, thermal underwear, the works. Under all that stuff we waddled around like penguins but somehow we still were cold—or worse yet, sweating one minute and freezing to death the next.

Then a friend told us about Damart Thermolactyl and we haven't been cold since. Whether we're indoors or outside, this super soft and lightweight underwear is a real miracle as far as we're concerned.

Damart's big secret is Thermolactyl, a knit that actually "climatizes" your body to stay cozy and comfortable. Thermolactyl retains and reflects natural body heat but it also lets perspiration evaporate away. You can be as active as you like. You stay warm and dry, no matter what the temperature.

Now we're saving big money on heating bills too. Thanks to Damart we keep the thermostat at 60° without sacrificing comfort.

We're convinced Damart is the best cold weather wear there is! Mt. Everest climbing expeditions wear it. So do the Pittsburgh Steelers, Buffalo Bills, New York Jets and Philadelphia Eagles Football Clubs and thousands of hunters, fishermen and golfers.

There's an exciting free color catalog that tells the full Damart Thermolactyl story and displays the whole Damart line for men and women, including tall sizes. Send for your FREE copy now!



THE PROOF IS
IN THE WEARING!

Damart
Thermolactyl

VISIT OUR STORES IN
PORTSMOUTH, N.H. AND ALBANY, N.Y.

THERE IS NO WARMER UNDERWEAR MADE!

Fill out and send to

DAMART, Dept. 11233
1811 Woodbury Ave.
Portsmouth, N.H. 03805

YES! Rush me your FREE DAMART Catalog. I want to enjoy the fantastic warmth of Thermolactyl Underwear, a DAMART® exclusive. (I understand there is no obligation.)

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

1123 Damart



A Little Man On Campus

A fortnight ago, against Clemson, Boston College Quarterback Doug Flutie fumbled on the sixth offensive play and the Tigers recovered. As the game progressed, Flutie's passes repeatedly were too tall for his receivers. By the

third quarter, BC was trailing 16-3 and lucky to be that close—a standard situation for Flutie, who at this point figured he had poor Clemson right where he wanted it. In the ensuing 13 minutes, all Flutie did was pass, run and think his

Eagles to four touchdowns—he threw for two of those scores, including a 39-yarder to Wide Receiver Gerard Phelan—as Boston College won 31-16. No hum. Typical.

"The thing you learn again in a game



Doug Flutie of Boston College stands 5'9½", which is short for a quarterback but plenty tall for a real miracle worker

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY



like that," says BC Coach Jack Bicknell, "is never give up on Doug Flutie." Eagle Linebacker Steve DeOssie, looking back on Flutie's slightly more than two years at Boston College, says, "There's no way you can overestimate what Doug has done for this team."

Indeed not. Flutie has been the salvation of football at the Jesuit school in Chestnut Hill, Mass., which as recently as 1978 was 0-11. In BC's 42-22 romp over Rutgers Saturday night at Giants Stadium in the New Jersey Meadowlands, Flutie got the Eagles off flying with a 60-yard touchdown pass to Brian Brennan. Then, on the first offensive play of the second quarter, Flutie scrambled out of the pocket, gained 14 yards and took a heavy late hit, "I got popped real good, and from then on I was in a daze," Flutie said. Three plays later he broke out of the pocket again and drew another late hit, which this time resulted in a 15-

yard penalty. Flutie remained in the game and took BC downfield for another touchdown, but he didn't remember anything about the drive. Of a later play, Flutie said, "I wasn't looking for the guy I was supposed to be looking for."

Bicknell began to suspect that his quarterback might not be all there when Flutie didn't acknowledge a play that Bicknell had signaled from the bench. The coach called time-out, motioned Flutie to the sideline and asked him if he was O.K.

"I think so," Flutie said.

Bicknell thought not. "Heads," he said later, "you don't mess with heads."

That was all for Flutie, who proved to have suffered a mild concussion. "I was fine by the second half," Flutie said afterward, "and I could have played if they needed me." But sophomore backup Quarterback Shawn Halloran had things

under control, so Flutie played spectator.

The victory left BC with a 3-0 record, a No. 12 ranking in the SI poll and right there with Pitt and West Virginia in the battle for Eastern supremacy, now that Penn State has taken sick.

There's much more. Season-ticket sales at BC this year totaled some 11,000, compared with about 4,000 for pre-Flutie 1981, also because of the Flutie phenomenon. BC this season has moved its games against Penn State and Alabama from on-campus, 32,000-seat Alumni Stadium to 61,000-seat Sullivan Stadium, the home of the New England Patriots. And BC is now a prime TV attraction; it will play West Virginia this week in an ABC regional game, worth more than \$300,000 per school, and on Nov. 25 will appear in a national CBS game against Alabama that will earn the Eagles \$600,000. Pre-Flutie, BC's only significant football connection with television was that the players watched it. Assistant Coach Barry Gallup shakes his head and says, "I'd say what Doug is really good at is magic."

It is a magical story, considering, above all else, that Flutie, a 20-year-old junior, isn't just too short to play major-college football, at 5'9½" he's way too short.

And not only is Flutie too short, he's also too light, 174 vs. a de rigueur 190. And not strong, someone has to open the door to the weight room for him. Then there's the matter of his undisciplined playing style. "Anybody can play like a robot," sniffs Flutie.

No wonder not a single Division I-A college—save BC—wanted Flutie, and the Eagles didn't want him much. He received the last scholarship BC had to offer in 1981, and even then some of the BC coaches viewed him as a candidate for the defensive backfield. Flutie's coach at Natick (Mass.) High, Tom Lamb, says, "Doug wasn't the answer to anybody's prayers."

Happily, Bicknell wasn't praying for a statistically ideal quarterback: he was looking for one who could do the job. "We're not hung up on size or anything else around here," he says. "All I want to know is, 'Can he make the play?'"

continued



Led by Flutie and his line, Boston College has stepped up into the national rankings.

Oh, my. Consider that since Flutie took over as BC's starting quarterback in 1981, midway through his freshman year, the Eagles are a miraculous 15-6-1—miraculous, because Boston College is a se-



No matter how Flutie eats, he'll never become more than a putt-putt-sized player.

nous-minded institution where academics truly do come first, yet its team is now succeeding against the big-time likes of Texas A&M and Clemson. In the 37 games before Flutie, stretching back through the '78 season, BC was 13-24. Last year the Flutie-led Eagles went to a bowl (Tangerine, losing to Auburn 33-26) for the first time in 40 seasons, climaxing an 8-3-1 year in which Boston College blitzed Texas A&M 38-16, ruining Jackie Sherrill's debut, and tied defending national champion Clemson 17-17.

Since Flutie's arrival, BC has been on

network television twice; on each occasion he was named the game's MVP. And the experts try to tell us it's a team sport. He's already the Eagles' all-time passing leader with 4,990 yards, surpassing the efforts of all others, including BC's previous legend, Jack Concannon, who threw for 2,942 yards. The point is, all Flutie has meant to BC is everything.

But little Flutie is far bigger than merely the best Eagle of all time. He's on the threshold of being the best New England college football player ever. Disregard those snide remarks that, in view of the scant talent the region has produced, the honor is akin to being first in a one-man parade. Tim Cotane, former sports editor of *Look* magazine, who now lives near BC, says Flutie is the most exciting player in New England since Albie Booth. Booth, on the off chance he escapes your memory, played halfback for Yale between 1929 and 1931.

While playing in just over half of BC's games in his freshman year, Flutie completed 105 of 192 passes for 1,652 yards and 10 touchdowns, ninth best in the nation. Last season he completed 184 of 386 for 3,048 yards and 15 TDs. Against Penn State in 1982 he passed for 520 yards—the single-game best in the land last year—in a performance that reduced the usually articulate Joe Paterno to saying, "That Doug Flutie goes boom, boom, boom and blago."

Given all his alleged minuses, how come Flutie is succeeding on such a grand scale? The intangibles. Doug's father, Richard, says of his son, "Doug does things you can't measure or clock." Like what? "Just watch him and you'll see." You do see. Flutie is smart and he's quick, but mostly he's excellent because he has a heart bigger than all outdoors and a disgustingly optimistic outlook on everything. And not insignificantly, he loves football.

Boston College is an easy place to love it. BC is a school with great modesty concerning its athletic program—appropriately, because over the years it has had a great deal to be modest about. Athletic Director Bill Flynn says, "We're just a little, bitty place trying to make it in a hard, tough world." Flutie is making it for them. "Mostly," he says, "I'm a competitor." Mostly, he's amazing.

Example: BC was trailing Rutgers last year 13-6 with 1:18 left in the game, the ball on the BC 13 and no time-outs left. It was a situation in which Flutie figured he



Most Flutie losses against Penn State in '82 were overhands. They gained 520 yards.

continued



FORD ESCORT

World leader at the tender age of three.

What do you call a roomy, comfortable, high-mileage car that took on the most technologically advanced cars in the world and outsold them.

You call it a world leader.

And you call it Ford Escort.

A car that has become the best-selling car in the world just three years after its introduction (based on 1982 worldwide production figures).

A car engineered with front-wheel drive for excellent traction

regardless of how wet or sloppy the roads may be.

A car with four-wheel independent suspension, to give Escort the smooth ride of bigger cars.

A car with an interior designed to provide lots of room for four. A car so affordable that even its price tag brings comfort.

And a car so technically advanced that its compound hemispherical head (CVI) engine delivers refreshing performance plus outstanding efficiency

43 17 EST HWY
EPA EST MPG

These ratings are for comparison and are applicable only to sedans without power steering or A.C. Requires new FS engine. And your mileage may vary.

depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Not available in California.

So if you're looking for a well-engineered car with many winning ways, introduce yourself to the car that took on the world. And won Hands down.

Get it together. Buckle up.

Have you driven a Ford . . . lately?



How to test drive the IBM Personal Computer.



When you get behind the keyboard of the IBM Personal Computer, hold onto your hat.

It's responsive on short trips.

It's reliable on long hauls.

And it's passing a lot of the others already on the road.

What's under the hood?

Visit an authorized IBM Personal Computer dealer and test drive the system.

You'll be impressed that a compact with such a great sticker price is also such a powerful performer.

For starters, it's been engineered with *three* microprocessors for better overall responsiveness. A 16-bit microprocessor in the system unit makes the IBM Personal Computer right at home in the fast lane.

Another controls the monitor. And there's yet a third in the keyboard. (Put the keyboard on your lap—it's a perfect example of independent suspension.)

There are 10 function keys that help relieve the tedium of repetitious shifting. (Something like driving an automatic instead of a standard.)

And there are high resolution graphics that could come in first—were there a Grand Prix of personal computers. Get a demonstration of the text and graphics mix. And be sure to see it all in living color. (For more specifics, check out the box at right.)

Easy acceleration.

Whether you plan on using the IBM Personal Computer to manage a department,

run a business, teach a course, learn a lesson or simply go on a pleasure drive—there's software to head you in the right direction and to help you stay ahead.

While you're at the store, try a few programs—first hand. Even if you've had

IBM PERSONAL COMPUTER SPECIFICATIONS

| | | |
|--|--|--|
| Uses Memory only, cache buffers | Display Screens 640 x 480 pixels (char/line) High resolution 80 characters x 25 lines 1 page and 1 page, on | Permanent Memory 1024K (640K) on disk |
| Microprocessor 16-bit system | Operating System IBM PC DOS version 1.1 (MS-DOS) | Color Graphics 256 colors 256 characters and symbols on 80 x 10 display screen |
| Auxiliary Memory 2 disks, 5.25-inch diskette drives, 5 diskette drives, 5 diskette drives per drive | Languages BASIC, Pascal, FORTRAN MSBASIC, Visual Basic C, C++ | 4.5 for operation 120V, 200W Black & white resolution 640 x 480 Normal screen graphics & text capabilities |
| Keyboard 80 characters x 25 lines attachable keyboard unit 80 characters x 25 lines on keyboard unit | Printer 48 pins, addressable graphics, graphics resolution 80 characters x 25 lines 80 characters x 25 lines 80 characters x 25 lines 80 characters x 25 lines | Communications 802.5, 802.3, 802.1 MSBASIC, Visual Basic BASIC, Pascal, FORTRAN 1 page 1000 lines per second |

no computer experience, you can quickly get into gear.

The driver's manual IBM wrote for you will help simplify matters. And the hardware's been designed to do the same.

They won't steer you wrong.

The trained salespeople at your authorized IBM Personal Computer dealer realize that you may never have been in this particular driver's seat before.

They want you to relax. They want you to ask any question you want to ask. They're ready and willing to provide you with all the answers—and to help pick the system and the software right for you.

For more information on where to buy the IBM Personal Computer, call 800-447-4700. In Alaska or Hawaii, call 800-447-0890.

You'll see why the IBM Personal Computer doesn't take a back seat to any other system.

IBM

The IBM Personal Computer A tool for modern times

had Rutgers, as he would have Clemson, where he wanted it. He led the Eagles down the field, overcoming a holding penalty and getting out of a second-and-20 situation en route. Then, with 12 seconds left and under enormous defensive pressure, he threw a kind of side-armed blind pass to a spot in the end zone where he figured Running Back Troy Stradford would be. Stradford was. Needing the two-point conversion for the win, Flutie then executed a merry, naked bootleg pass to Scott Nizolek for the winning points. "When it comes down to the last minute," says Flutie, "I want to be the guy. I like the responsibility."

Example: With 2:41 left in the fourth quarter against Syracuse last season and the score tied 13-13, Flutie, who was having a terrible day—he ended with seven completions in 23 attempts—had the ball on the BC 29. Poor Syracuse. Six plays later, Phelan was standing in the end zone with a Flutie pass. The touchdown was the result of an unexpected execution of a Flutie audible that was free-lanced—or, well—into success. Says Phelan, "He takes chances and drives the coaching staff nuts. He's king of the broken play." Flutie's brother Bill, 22, a former split end for Brown, defends Doug's style. "He runs the plays he's supposed to run, unless he thinks of something better." If Bucknell had wanted discipline, he should have recruited out of the Marine Corps. "My only concern is that we not coach the spontaneity out of Doug," Bicknell says.

Good thinking, because Flutie mainly has three things going for him on the football field: spontaneity, brains and optimism. As Phelan says, "Once Doug gets believing, all the rest of us get believing. And I can tell you, Doug believes all the time."

That trait first manifested itself when Flutie was nine years old, living in Melbourne Beach, Fla. and playing safety for the South Beaches Cubs. It was a close game involving older boys, and Flutie's coach cautioned him, "Don't let them hurt you." The opposition did, scoring the winning TD over Flutie. Afterward he told his father, "It won't ever happen



Tooting their Flutie: parents Richard and Joan with kids Darren, Denise and Bill.

again." It didn't. In kids' football, when teammates were still crying for their mothers, Flutie was reading defenses. When he was in the eighth grade, the family moved to Natick, a Boston suburb, two towns west of the BC campus. Once, at Natick High, Flutie drove his team down the field and then kicked a

38-yard field goal to win the game with no time left. He had never kicked a field goal in a game and had practiced placements only casually. Lamb says, "Success is part of his personality. He expects it."

But few big-time recruiters came calling on Flutie, for all the obvious reasons. Size was the most convenient excuse.

"Everybody told me I was too short to be quarterback," says Flutie. "I heard it so much I finally started believing it myself." Flutie could have gone to someplace like Harvard, but while they can spell football in Cambridge, they can't play it very well.

BC Coach Ed Chlebek didn't want him, either—too small and so forth. But when Chlebek walked out after the 1980 season, his replacement, Bicknell, who had been a BC assistant before becoming head coach at Maine in 1976, was more receptive. That was not so much because he saw any more in Flutie than anyone else had seen, but because two quarterbacks the Eagles badly wanted, and thought they had, went elsewhere. When it came down to Flutie or nobody, it was close, but Boston College took Flutie.

At the start of his freshman year, Flutie was the No. 5 quarterback only because there



Rutgers got Flutie—but then Boston College got Rutgers.

wasn't a No. 6. But within six weeks after his arrival on the Heights he was the starter, having succeeded junior John Loughery, who says, "Doug takes situations and makes the best of them. I'm glad I had a chance to be his friend. I just wish he had come around to be my friend two years later." In his first season Flutie went up against No. 1-ranked Pitt, and while BC lost 29-24, he went 23 for 42 for 347 yards and two touchdowns.

Still, you could make a training film of Flutie in action and title it *How Not to Play Quarterback*. For example, he often gives up too soon on the plays as diagrammed and scatters his own way, forgetting all about inside releases for backside blockers, shades and offsets, drag routes and Y to A coming underneath. He merely does what will work and is sure it will, because it always has out there on Retro Road in front of his house.

Richard says his son's helter-skelter style is partly an illusion. "When you're only about 5' 10", you just look more reckless than when you're 6' 2", he says. Additionally, Flutie doesn't fake very well. When he passes, he drops his elbow and pushes the ball. Often his feet aren't set and he rushes the delivery, and he follows through like a baseball pitcher, which can make him appear awkward. He's also so excited by game time that he typically will play poorly in the first half, throwing balls so wildly that the opposition can hardly play for laughing. Against Syracuse last season he was 0 for 5 in the first half.

Worst of all, he threw a whopping 20 interceptions in '82. "If I do that again," says Flutie, "we're in trouble." This problem arises because he tries for a big play on every play. He loves touchdowns and hates field goals and punts. No matter how dire the situation, he'll never give up on making something happen. "I do lack patience," he admits.

Flutie not only has found a way to succeed on the field, but off it he's so decent it makes you want to throw up. We're talking the original Goody Two-shoes here. Pressured and repressed to think of one substantial thing he has done wrong in his life, Flutie, a communications major with a B average, mumbles, fumbles, looks uncomfortable, can't come up with anything and concludes, "This is embarrassing." Brother Bill says helpfully, "He's not trying to be perfect. He's just that way." And that way is just perfect with BC disciples.

END

"I never knew gold rum tasted like this."



If you're still drinking whiskey on the rocks...



It's because you haven't tasted gold rum on the rocks.



Try gold rum—the smooth alternative to bourbons, blends, Canadians, even Scotch. The first sip will amaze you. The second will convert you.

Make sure the rum is from Puerto Rico.

Rum has been made in Puerto Rico for almost five centuries. Our specialized

skills and dedication have produced rums of exceptional dryness and purity. No wonder 86% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free: Rums of Puerto Rico. Neopex, Inc. Puerto Rican Rums Dept. 1-13
1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. N.Y. 10102 © 1982 Government of Puerto Rico



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

mg "tar" 0.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

You never had it this fresh!

BRIGHT

The background of the advertisement features a series of large, overlapping triangles in shades of teal, light blue, and green, creating a dynamic, geometric pattern. In the foreground, two packs of Bright cigarettes are displayed. The pack on the left is labeled 'BRIGHT 100s' and 'Fresh Clean Taste Low Tar'. The pack on the right is labeled 'BRIGHT' and 'Fresh Clean Taste Low Tar'. Both packs have a white base with a colorful diagonal stripe design. The overall aesthetic is clean and modern.

BRIGHT
100s

BRIGHT

BRIGHT

Fresh Clean Taste
Low Tar

Fresh Clean Taste
Low Tar

**The taste that
outshines menthol—
and leaves you with a
clean, fresh taste.**



Mancini's head was home for Romero's left

Hector (Macho) Camacho were at ringside, and if they weren't drooling, they should have been. Mancini, now 27-1, represents the biggest potential payday for all of them, and what each saw in Mancini's first pro fight in New York must have made each confident that he could lift Boom Boom's title.

Romero came in with a 30-0-1 record, 12 KOs and a No. 1 WBA ranking. Like Kim, he was an unknown southpaw. Also like Kim, he gave as good as he got, until a straight right followed by a left hook knocked him out at 1:56 of the ninth round. "I flashed to Kim," Mancini said. Referee Tony Perez' count ended with Romero struggling to get up. "By then I was saying, 'Please don't get up,'" said Mancini. "Give me a boxer-runner anytime. Where do they find these guys?"

Since knocking out Art Frias in one round 16 months ago to win his title, Mancini had defended against

by Ralph Wiley

Mancini Camacho, holder of the WBC junior lightweight title, was asked if he thought he might be the odd man out. Sure, he said. And the reason, in Camacho's view, Mancini's fear of the Macho Man's powerful left. "You see what Aaron Pryor did to Mancini's daddy," said Camacho, referring to Alexis Arguello, who knocked out Mancini in October 1981 and who was manhandled by Pryor in their Sept. 9 rematch.

Boom Boom's father, Lenny, who drew as a lightweight at the Garden in 1940, was never more his son's inspiration than he was for this fight, but as the old man and the rest of the Mancini entourage headed for a postbout celebration at the San Remo restaurant, Boom Boom entered a limousine headed for Lenox Hill Hospital. There, Drs. Jeffrey M. Schwartz and Rich Bouardo repaired Mancini's left eyebrow and gave him cold packs for his sore neck and right hand. "Oh, God, my neck," Mancini moaned. "What about this bump on my head? Christ, Doc! You shooting me up?" Later Dr. Schwartz said, "This isn't nearly as bad as after Kim." After that fight both of Mancini's hands were like pillows, his sides were blue and his face was becoming like a mask.

No wonder Mancini's father is an inspiration of a different sort. "You see my father's right eye?" Mancini asked. "He's blind. He fought two years seeing double. I don't want that." By now the limo was heading for the St. Montz hotel, where, in his suite, Mancini stayed under the shower for 25 minutes, the hot water soothing his neck. He emerged talking of the movie about his life and of his recent signing with the William Morris Agency, which handles his endorsements.

Many punsters regard Mancini as simply a club fighter who, through the good auspices of CBS, which his televised eight of his fights, has become a matinee idol. The fight with Chacon figures to be a battle. Each man takes punches to throw them, and neither ducks. But, as the Romero fight reconfirmed, if Mancini ventures in against Camacho or Pryor, he would do well to bear in mind his own words. "You can't buy a face."

END

A tough way to save face

Boom Boom Mancini took his lumps before keeping his title with a KO

The first thing Ray (Boom Boom) Mancini, the WBA lightweight champion, does after he fights is look in a mirror. What he saw after he knocked out Peru's Orlando Romero in the ninth round last Thursday night in Madison Square Garden was enough to make him cringe. "Oh, God, I don't want this," Mancini said after seeing his swollen left eyebrow, a one-inch laceration under his left eye and a mouse crawling under his right eye. "I'm not a pretty boy, but I don't want to end up like a lot of guys. You can't buy a face."

Mancini hadn't had a title defense since last November, when he knocked out South Korean Duk Koo Kim, who died four days later. And, considering that Romero was supposed to be a pushover, Mancini more than had his hands—and face—full. "I'll bet some guys were drooling tonight," he said.

Bobby Chacon, Howard Davis and

an over-the-hill Ernesto Espana, had the war with Kim, fought a nontitle bout with George Feeney and then separated his collarbone preparing for a defense against Kenny Bogner last spring. Perhaps Mancini was rusty against Romero, as he suggested, but he can't afford to be against Chacon, a two-time champ who will be his next opponent, in December.

Mancini, who pocketed \$600,000 last week, figures to make \$2.5 million for the fight against Chacon, who will receive a million plus. Watching Romero repeatedly rock Mancini, Chacon said, "I thought, 'There goes the mortgage.'"

Dave Wolf, Mancini's manager, says that Davis' attorney, Jack Solerwitz, has promised Mancini \$3 million for a fight with his No. 5-ranked WBA lightweight contender. And there's also the possibility of a showdown with WBA junior welterweight champion Aaron Pryor, which would be the most lucrative bout for



WE KNOW ALL ABOUT MAKING SPORTSWEAR THAT PERFORMS. WE LEARNED IN THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS.

When the pros go out to play they play rough. And everything they use in the game has to be built to take it.

We know. We make uniforms and practicewear for 24 of the 28 teams in the NFL.

We make them tough, resilient and good-looking. And we make sportswear for you the same way.

WE DO EXTENSIVE RESEARCH IN THE FIELD.

To survive in competition this fierce it's not enough to be strong. You've got to be smart, too.

For example, back in the 1950's, our research team developed the tearaway jersey — the first ever. And all across the nation, players who'd give the shirts off their backs to score, did.

On the other hand, our research team also makes active and casual sportswear that stays together. In fact, our seams will withstand 50 pounds of pressure per square inch without ripping.



So Russell Athletic can endure lots of wear and washing. And still look good enough to help you score a few points yourself.

THE COMPETITION'S TOUGH, BUT WE'RE TOUGHER.

You'll probably never wear your Russell Athletic the way the pros do. Never grind it in the mud. Never crush it under a pile of linebackers.

But if you did, it would still look great. Because we make everything stronger than it has to be.

You see, our on the field we learned that the competition is in you, not around you. You push past old limits, old thresholds of endurance because you want to — nobody makes you.

That's performance. That's Russell Athletic.



RUSSELL ATHLETIC
THE GROUNDWATER ARTIST™

Made in Massachusetts, U.S.A. And sold in leading department and sporting goods stores.

Whame! Jose (Chico) Cruz, the Astros' impish leftfielder, slammed his bat against a table last week, shattering the quiet of the Houston clubhouse.

"Hey!" a dozen voices cried out at once. Cruz hit the table harder.

"T. Scott, get your gun," Pitcher Bob Knepper called to utility man Tony Scott, who had recently purchased a handgun. "Shoot that man." Whereupon Cruz produced a third, even more deafening blast.

The sound of Cruz's bat has been echoing ever louder not only in the Astros' clubhouse but also throughout the National League. At the end of last week Cruz had batted .379 in his last 41 games, to raise his season's average to .322—just two points behind league-leader Bill Madlock of Pittsburgh. At 36 Cruz could become the oldest National League batting champion since Stan Musial, also 36, in 1957.

Cruz's little-noted success resembles that of his team. Since dropping their first nine games, the Astros had played at a .561 pace through last Sunday, the best performance for that period in the league. In the process, they have produced candidates for Rookie of the Year (Reliever Bill Dawley), the Cy Young Award (Pitcher Nolan Ryan) and Manager of the Year (Boh Lillis). Even if none of them wins, the season can't be called a disappointment. The Astros were 78-70 at week's end and a solid third in the West Division, trailing Los Angeles by 6½ games and Atlanta by three.

If the other Astros had been as steady as Cruz, Houston's record would be even better. A lifetime .281 hitter, Cruz is heading for the highest average of his 14-year major league career. It helps that he's playing five pounds lighter than last season, at 185. He also has had more productive hitters around him—Shortstop Dickie Thon, First Baseman Ray Knight, Third Baseman Phil Garner—than in past years. But Cruz has been befuddling pitchers since the Astros bought him from the Cardinals and made him a regular in 1975. He holds the bat with his hands high, takes an exaggerated step à la Mel Ott and Sadaharu Oh and slashes at



Jose can you see the similarity with Ott and Oh?

He keeps Cruizing right along

Houston Outfielder Jose Cruz has been a model of hitting consistency

everything thrown at him—high, low, fast, slow. Even so, he hits line drives to all fields and infield "chop-chops" that he beats to first with his 3.8 speed.

"Throw the ball three feet over his head and outside, and he'll hit it down the leftfield line," says L.A. Pitcher Pat Zachry. "Three feet over his head and inside, and he goes to right." Moans Dodger Pitching Coach Ron Perranoski. "All you can do is mix him up."

"My swing is natural," says Cruz.

by Jim Kaplan

"Most left-handed hitters are low-ball hitters. I can hit anything. I see the ball, I hit it. If I take a close pitch, the umpire calls it a strike, and I don't like to fall behind on the count. So I go up there hacking." Through Sunday he had hit 13 homers and driven in 82 runs—no-table figures when half your games are played in the capacious Astrodome. Only once this season had he gone more than two games without a hit. And last Friday against the Reds he got his third four-hit game of the year. (He also had seven three-hit games.) On Saturday, he spoiled Johnny Bench Night with a six-run game-winning homer in the sixth inning. Says Houston Batting Coach Denis Menke, "I just tell him to watch the ball and not swing at too many bad pitches."

The only time Cruz's freewheeling ways betray him is when he's on the bases. Through Cruz had 28 steals, he'd been caught stealing 16 times and, because of bad judgment, had been nailed several times more trying for extra bases on batted balls. In press boxes all around the league, blundering runners are referred to as graduates of the Cruz School of Baserunning.

That's a fault the Astros have learned to accept. Says Lillis, "The thing about Cruz is he works hard, he's all business, and he has fun doing it."

But how does Cruz do it so well at 36? His trim physique and nonstop conditioning—he has only 8% body fat on his 6-foot frame—are undoubtedly two factors. During the season, most players are content to lift some light weights and do some stretching. Cruz does those things and also, when his schedule permits, runs with Victor Lopez, the women's track coach at Rice University. "We go two, three miles and do sprints—100, 200, 400 yards," Cruz says. "I get tired doing nothing around my house." Between games he also enjoys tinkering with vintage cars. In Houston and in Puerto Rico he maintains about a dozen, but his favorite is a 1946 Cadillac.

When the season ends, he takes his

continued

MORE THAN A NEW LOOK, A NEW OUTLOOK.



AT&T

We're the new AT&T. A new company with a new symbol. But we're not exactly a newcomer. We have more than a hundred years' experience and a worldwide reputation. With the breakup of the Bell System, we know we must earn your confidence all over again — under new circumstances.

As we compete for your business, we'll stand out from the crowd by giving you better service than anyone. That's a commitment.

And we'll offer you the most advanced technology from our world-renowned Bell Laboratories. That's a guarantee.

We'll be the brand name that means dependable, state-of-the-art phones for your home, the best information systems for your business and the one and only long distance service that lets you reach out and touch anyone, any time — across the nation and around the world.

We'll use our research, development and marketing talents to keep American communications technology the best in the world.

We're the new AT&T. Our new outlook is also our competitive strategy and our goal: to give you every reason, every day, to choose us.

**"Nobody ever asked
what good I did.
They only asked
how many people
I killed."**



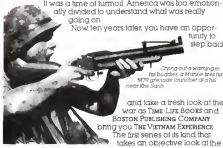
A Vietnam Veteran
remembers his homecoming

Only now can we begin to understand.

They were outcasts. Soldiers fighting a war that nobody wanted. Blamed for policies they did not create.

It was a time of turmoil. America was too emotionally divided to understand what was really going on.

Now, ten years later, you have an opportunity to step back



Crying out a warning to his buddies, a Marine fires his M79 grenade launcher at a hill near the South.

and take a fresh look at the war as TIME-LIFE BOOKS and BOSTON PUBLISHING COMPANY bring you THE VIETNAM EXPERIENCE. The first series of its kind that takes an objective look at the war, putting it into historical perspective.

Your first book, *America Takes Over*, takes you back and forth from the action in the jungle to secret meetings at the White House. It seeks new answers: Could we have beaten North Vietnam in the early stages if LBJ hadn't halted the bombings? Did McNamara accept false information and manufacture some of his own? And who was behind the "Forty-Four Battalion request" that escalated the war?

For the men who fought in Vietnam this book is a scrapbook of memories, filled with familiar faces, places and award-winning photos capturing the real story.

For others it's an insight into the realities of Vietnam. Putting you onto the battlefields. Mapping out the strategies. Showing you the reasons behind the victories like Operation Starlite, and embarrassing defeats like Operation Piranha.

Chicken Plate, Duster, MAF and LOC. You'll learn a whole new vocabulary of war. You'll discover American firepower and why the AC-47 gunship, known as Puff the Magic Dragon, was the fighting man's friend.

And the infamous M-16 rifle has enemy

You begin to understand the soldiers' fear and what it's like to be pointman, purposely walking into ambush to draw fire and locate the enemy.

With each volume, THE VIETNAM EXPERIENCE brings you closer to the answers. In later books you'll focus on the Tet Offensive in '68, which many believe was the turning point in the war. The Nixon Years. Vietnamization. Cambodia.

And then the aftermath: special coverage of what happened to the Vietnamese people after we left, and more importantly, to our veterans once they returned.

So if you're ready to take another look, send in the order card attached. TIME-LIFE BOOKS will send you the first volume, *America Takes Over*. Examine it for 10 days free. If you aren't satisfied with it, send it back and owe nothing.



Above: Taped for security measures, this captured Vietnam guerrilla awaits his fate.

Above right: Armed with rocket pods, machine guns and grenades, the Huey helicopter became the symbol of the Vietnam War.

Right: A heavily laden soldier on a search and destroy mission in the DMZ. Soon all South Vietnam became a battlefield.

Otherwise pay for it plus shipping and handling, and future volumes will be sent about every other month, each with the same 10-day free trial. If you decide not to continue your subscription, you can cancel completely at any time by notifying us.



Right: Senator Wayne Morse contrasts LBJ, warning that the senator who voted for the Tonkin Gulf Resolution would live to regret it.



TIME
LIFE
BOOKS

The Vietnam Experience



If order card is missing, write to: THE VIETNAM EXPERIENCE, TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Time and Life Building, Chicago, IL 60611.



wife, Zoraida, and children, Jose Javier, Jose Cheito, Shakira and Jose Enrique, home to Puerto Rico, where he plays winter-league ball—as a rightfielder—from late October to mid-January.

"With the long schedules you can get mentally tired," he says. "I like to do things different. I'll wear high socks, low socks, fool around with teammates . . ." Anyone who has been around Cruz can finish his sentence: "... show up for interviews early, late or even on time; sneak up behind teammates and make them jump." Says Garner, "He does a lot of crazy things, but he does one thing right—hit to all fields."

The eldest son of a grocer-farmer, Cruz played four different sports at Arroyo High. Two of his four brothers, former big-leaguers Henry and Timmy, are playing in Japan, and Tommy was at week's end leading the Nippon Ham Fighters. "Imagine that," says Cheo, thinking positively, "two batting champions in one family."

But Cheo is unquestionably the pride of Puerto Rico. "Everywhere he goes people yell, 'Cheo, Cheo,'" says Kenny Hand of the *Houston Post*, who accompanied the Astros to an exhibition series in Puerto Rico two springs ago. "He's the most popular ballplayer in Puerto Rico since Roberto Clemente." With his dashing good looks, he's also a hit in the Astrodome, where crowds roar to the P.A. announcer's introduction of "Crocoo!"

Early in the season, with Ryan hurt, Dawley still in the minors and various on-field difficulties, Crocoo was one of the few things Houston fans had to cheer about. But the front office never panicked, even when it looked as though the team might never win a game, and the Astros began their stunning about-face. "You have to give management credit for not making wholesale changes after the bad beginning," says Garner.

"We concentrated on improving areas that had been costing us games, especially fielding and moving up runners," says Lillis, who, along with his coaches, received a new two-year contract last week. "There was no finger-pointing. We told the players that we had faith in their ability and set .500 as our first goal. We made it by the All-Star Game. Then we concentrated on climbing each rung of the ladder until we got into contention."

As for Cruz, he just kept cruising along. Wham!

INSIDE PITCH

(Through September 18)

by HERM WEISKOPF

The Royals have bid an unaffectionate farewell to one of their finest players, five-time All-Star Amos Otis, K.C. decided not to pick up its option on Otis—meaning he will be a free agent on Oct. 3—and sent the 36-year-old out-

“

If he wants me to come in, he holds his hands apart, meaning the fat guy," says 230-pound Montreal reliever Bob James of Manager Bill Virden. "If he wants [8'1"] Jeff Reardon, he holds his hands high, meaning he wants the tall guy. Frankly, I don't care. As long as he wants me, he can put on a stink and call for the ugly guy."

”

fielder home for the rest of the season. Hounded by injuries much of the year, Otis hit .261 and didn't fit into the Royals' plans to go with younger players. He has been a Royal for 14 years, longer than any other player.

"Mr. [General Manager John] Schuerholz said he saw no reason why I should hang around," said Otis as he left the K.C. clubhouse for the final time last Thursday. "He also said he can't give a player a special day if he's not going to retire. It sounds like he was forcing me into retirement, but I'm not going to."

If there was a message in Schuerholz' action for the rest of the team, it wasn't lost on George Brett. The third baseman noted Otis' long contributions and said, "Nobody is safe."

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* is running a diary in which Johnny Bench chronicles his final days as a Red. Last week Bench used his column to rebuke Reds rookie Pitcher Jeff Russell for saying the umpiring was "brutal" during his 4-2 triumph over the Padres. Wrote Bench, "One thing you can't do is put down the opposing team or the umpires. You have to realize the umpires know how to read newspapers, too. They do carry a grudge and they do pass it on to other umpires."

Two veteran Texas infielders, Shortstop Bucky Dent and Third Baseman Buddy Bell, were angered by Manager Doug

Rader's insistence that they and others on the team hadn't been playing with full intensity of late. "Never in my 10 years have I ever had anyone question how much I want to play, or say I have a bad attitude," Dent said. "I play as hard as anyone." Bell said much the same and added, "This team doesn't have an attitude problem. It has a talent problem." After a strong first half, the Rangers had been 27-45 since the All-Star break.

Atlanta's Dale Murphy, who slumped when teammate Bob Horner was injured last season, has come on strong since Horner broke his wrist on Aug. 15. Murphy batted .364 in 29 games and has had five doubles, nine home runs, 30 RBIs and 11 stolen bases.

Five stolen bases last week by Oakland's Rickey Henderson raised his season's total to 103. That made Henderson the only major-leaguer to swipe 100 bases in successive years and the only one to steal that many three times. What's more, Henderson's percentage is better this season (.103 in 121 tries for 85.1%) than last, when he set the mark for steals in one season (.130 in 172 attempts for 75.6%).

LaMarr Hoyt of the White Sox became the American League's first 20-game winner in three years. . . . Minnesota's Ken Schrom again outdueted former Toronto teammate Dave Stieb, beating him for the third time this season, 6-2. . . . Since being claimed from the Mariners for the \$20,000 waiver price last month, Glenn Abbott of the Tigers had a 2-1 record and a 2.09 ERA. . . . Cleveland Manager Pat Corrales, who started the season as Philadelphia's skipper, says De-

BALL PARK FIGURES

Here are the records of this season's top Rookie of the Year candidates:

| AMERICAN LEAGUE | | | | |
|--------------------------|------|-------|---------|--|
| Mike Boddick, P., Balt. | 14-7 | 2.72 | ERA | |
| Neil Henson, P., Cleve. | 10-5 | 3.79 | 7 Saves | |
| Tom Terrance, P., Mil. | 9-3 | 2.92 | 8 Saves | |
| Julio Franco, SS, Cleve. | 267 | 8 HR | 80 RBIs | |
| Ron Kittle, OF, Chi. | 255 | 32 HR | 92 RBIs | |

| NATIONAL LEAGUE | | | | |
|--------------------------|------|-------|----------|--|
| Bill Dawley, P., Hoos. | 6-6 | 2.75 | 14 Saves | |
| Craig McMurtry, P., Atl. | 13-9 | 3.32 | ERA | |
| Mel Hall, OF, Chi. | 282 | 16 HR | 48 RBIs | |
| De Sweeney, OF, N.Y. | 254 | 25 HR | 70 RBIs | |

CRACK OF THE HAT

In just 4½ innings against the Dodgers, Nolan Ryan of the Astros walked six batters, hit two in a row to load the bases and threw a wild pitch. No one was more frightened by Ryan's wildness than L.A.'s Pedro Guerrero, whose batting helmet was cracked by a fastball. "I thought I was dead," Guerrero said. After the game, he sent the helmet to the Astro clubhouse for Ryan to autograph.

iron's Jack Morris "might be the best right-handed pitcher in both leagues. Nobody's got the stuff he does." Charlie Hough of Texas stretched his scoreless-inning streak to a club-record 36 before settling for a 4-2 win over Oakland. California Manager John McNamara fears that Pitcher Bruce Kison's career may be over. Kison will undergo surgery on Sept. 26 to remove a herniated disk.

Since Aug. 25, when the Brewers were in first place in the American League East, they'd batted only .237 and had tumbled to fifth place while losing 17 of 23 games. No Milwaukee pitcher had been hurt more by the batting slump than Don Sutton, who failed to get a win in four close losses during that stretch. Sutton, 7-13 overall, hadn't won since July 14, and his eight defeats in a row tied a club record. After a 4-1 loss to New York, Sutton couldn't hide his tears. "I'm only a human being," Sutton said. "I don't know if I can go through more or subject my family to more of this."

The Reds signed Pitcher Mario Soto to a five-year contract for an estimated \$6 million, the most lucrative pact in Cincinnati's history. The Reds have realized that they can't be a contender if they let quality players go to teams willing to shell out that kind of money. Philadelphia's Pete Rose was in a slump that had dropped his average to .242 and left his hit total at 3,984. His replacement at first base, Len Matuszek, had two homers and seven RBIs in 11 games since coming up from Portland. . . . Rusty Staub's third pinch-hit home run of the season was the 12th by the Mets, which tied the 1957 Reds' major league record. . . . "He's improved as much from one season to the next as any player I've ever had," said Pittsburgh Manager Chuck Tanner of Jim Morrison, who has been filling in at third base for the injured Bill Madlock. Last year Morrison batted .242 for the

continued

Put a finish to rust



X-O Rust spray-on



X-O Rust brush-on

True-Test X-O Rust is the answer to your rust problems, no matter if you prefer the convenience of a spray or the economy of a brush-on. The X-O Rust system of primer and finish coat stops old rust from spreading, keeps new rust from forming. X-O Rust comes in so many vivid colors you can create a new look for gutters, grillwork, lawn furniture, toys, tools and outdoor equipment. Get X-O Rust and put a bright, shiny finish to your rust problems.



True Value
HARDWARE STORES®

True-Test® products are sold exclusively by True Value Hardware Stores and Hardware Super Centers. For more information, call 1-800-4-A-True-Test. © 1987 True-Test Hardware Stores, Inc.

"Listen to the wild. It's calling you."

Robert Service
The Call of the Wild



The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.



Discover Yukon Jack. Proud and potent at 100 proof. Yet so smooth, so flavorful, it tempts even the most civilized. Straight, mixed or on the rocks, Yukon Jack truly stands apart.

Always Smooth. Always Potent.
100 Proof.
Yukon Jack.

Yukon Jack Liquor is distilled and bottled by Heublein, Inc. Hardell, Conn. Some Agents U.S.A. © 1987 Dist. Heublein & Co., Inc.

IN COLORS.



The Tempo \$45*

FLORSHEIM

an INTERCO company

*Retail price quoted here is suggested only. Independent retailers are free to determine their own retail prices. See the Yellow Pages for the Florsheim dealer nearest you. For free style brochure, write: Florsheim, Dept. 33, 130 N. Canal Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

new TURA 70C



TURA MODEL 300 AVIATOR

TURA INTRODUCES FACETED FOR MEN

For every man who wears glasses. Hand-beveled lenses suspended in a rimless frame, accented with enamel. From the Tura collection. Wherever fine eyewear is available.

Tura



TURA MODEL 300 TRAPEZOID

BASEBALL continued

White Sox and Pirates: This year he was hitting .309 and had 25 RBIs in 152 at bats, which over a full season would project to 100 RBIs. "Everybody's been saying that you should win them one at a time," said rookie Outfielder Andy Van Slyke as St. Louis fell 5½ games behind Philadelphia in the National League East. "I think we've got to win them 11 at a time."

With a San Diego runner on third and two down in the bottom of the ninth of a 3-2 game, San Francisco Manager Frank Robinson ordered Reliever Greg Minton to walk Tony Gwynn and Terry Kennedy intentionally and pitch to rookie Kevin McReynolds. McReynolds lined Minton's next pitch toward the top of the low, padded leftfield fence. Going, going, gone—really gone, the ball disappeared from most people's view. It looked as though the ball had cleared the fence for a grand-slam homer, but it was actually wedged in a corner of the padding. McReynolds was credited with a game-winning single.

Ken Griffey, who's in his second season with the Yankees after averaging .307 in his nine years with the Reds, has high praise for American League pitchers. "The pitchers here make you a better hitter because they make you think more," says Griffey, who was hitting .316 after a subpar .277 in '82. "Last year against Detroit, Dan Petry was ahead 9-1 in the ninth, had two outs and had a 3-2 count on me. In the National League, in a situation like that, it was automatic—you got a fastball. But Petry threw me a 3-2 change. I was shocked." He was also out.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DAN GUISENBERRY: The Kansas City reliever broke the 10-year-old big league record for saves in a season by increasing his total to 41 as he sewed up three wins with 3½ innings of shutout pitching.

"This year I've learned to adjust to the off-speed pitch," Griffey points out. "I didn't have to do that when I was in the National League. Because of the hitters behind me when I was playing with Cincinnati, I got 95 percent fastballs. I've learned to be a lot more patient hitter. In the National League, I was just swinging and I wasn't setting myself and waiting for my pitch."

END

Mutual Trust Life Introduces Its 1983 Blue & Gold Council

Membership in the Blue & Gold Council is the highest honor Mutual Trust Life representatives can achieve. Only a small percentage of the company's nationwide field force qualifies each year.

The sales representatives pictured here are being recognized for their professionalism, their sales leadership, and their recognition that sales and service are inseparable in maintaining quality business.



Donald E. Tenney
Fasano & Assoc., Inc.
Des Moines, Iowa
President



Arthur Aviles, Jr.
Ward Associates
La Jolla, California



Thomas A. Becher
Saub Associates
Omaha, Nebraska



Bruce E. Breeding, Jr.
Fasano & Assoc., Inc.
Des Moines, Iowa



Eugene F. Bussan, Jr., CLU
Bussan Agency
Rockford, Illinois



Bruce W. Barker
Group Benefits Agency, Inc.
Columbus, Ohio
Vice-President



Michael A. Carverin
CLU
Ward Associates
La Jolla, California



Larry M. Dean
Lindes, Inc.
Miami, Florida



Frank J. Fasano
Fasano & Assoc., Inc.
Des Moines, Iowa



Marvin T. Fleck, Jr.
Saub Associates
Omaha, Nebraska



Harsh K. Gant
Karrstrom & Assoc.
Poling Meadows, IL



Kevin F. Grady
Group Benefits Agency, Inc.
Columbus, Ohio



Kim M. Gutzleben
Group Benefits Agency, Inc.
Columbus, Ohio



Lucille J. Hobbs
Sawman & Assoc.
Fort Worth, Texas



Thomas G. Humphreys
CLU
Quali-St, Inc. Services
Newport Beach, CA



John E. Jeffries
Group Benefits Agency, Inc.
Columbus, Ohio



Thomas R. Jeranese
Fasano & Assoc., Inc.
Des Moines, Iowa



William T. Karrstrom, Jr.
Karrstrom & Assoc.
Poling Meadows, IL



Stephen G. Lawler
CLU
Bussan Agency
Peoria, Illinois



Mark J. Means
Fasano & Assoc., Inc.
Des Moines, Iowa



Robert W. Miel
R. W. Miel Ins. Co.
Dundee, Illinois



Daniel Mulcahey
R. W. Miel Ins. Co.
Dundee, Illinois



Victor A. Norberg
Saub Associates
Omaha, Nebraska



John S. Rhee
Saub Associates
Omaha, Nebraska



Laurence R. Saub
Saub Associates
Omaha, Nebraska



John D. Schermer
R. W. Miel Ins. Co.
Dundee, Illinois



Anthony W. Thompson
CLU
Ward Associates
La Jolla, California

There is NOTHING FINER IN LIFE INSURANCE

MUTUAL TRUST



Established 1904

Life Insurance Company

1200 Jone Boulevard, Oak Brook, Illinois 60521

Reporters from all over the country converged on Auburn, Ala. last Saturday to chronicle the rebirth of a once-proud power. The story was a good one: Auburn University has a dynamic young coach in Pat Dye, a powerful defensive line and a pair of exciting running backs, all of which would, it was thought, serve to bring Auburn out from under the shadow of its more storied cousin, the University of Alabama.

Many factors pointed to an Auburn victory. Texas was opening on the road, while the Tigers had worked out the kinks in a 24-1 win over Southern Mississippi the week before. And the Longhorns would be without their first-string quarterback (Todd Dodge, left shoulder separation), tight end (Bohby Macho, arthroscopic knee surgery), wide receiver (Ronnie Mullins, knee surgery, out for season) and middle linebacker (Jeff Leiding, minor surgery after slicing a leg open in a mugging accident) Two years ago, right after Dye arrived at Auburn from Wyoming, he tried to get this game off his schedule. After all, the Tigers also would play powerhouses Florida, Georgia and Alabama this year. Texas Coach Fred Akers searched for another opponent—he even called Alabama's Bear Bryant—but couldn't work anything out. Now it seemed that Akers, not Dye, was the one in need of a different opponent.

What happened, though, was that Texas stormed past Auburn 20-7, postponing the Tigers' much-ballyhooped resurrection, perhaps for the whole season. And by winning, Texas moved from No. 5 to No. 3 in the SI poll.

Auburn was never in the game, and maybe the Tigers suffered from overly inflated expectations. *Playboy* ranked Auburn No. 1 in its preseason poll, and most publications, including SI, put the Tigers in the top five—a lofty preseason perch for a team that hadn't won a conference title since 1957, which was also the last time it won a national championship. "Auburn just has to learn how to play in the big games," said Texas Middle Linebacker Tony Edwards, who replaced Leiding, afterward. "This was really no

Texas really got its wish

Auburn's wishbone set was picked clean by the Longhorns' defense

big thing for us. We've been in a lot of games like this."

Auburn hasn't. Last year the Tigers performed a similar dying-won act when Nebraska came to Jordan-Hare Stadium and routed them 41-7. Saturday's game wasn't that bad, but it wasn't that good, either. The Longhorns built a 20-0 halftime lead, and though Auburn dominated the second half statistically, it managed only one sustained drive, a 95-yarder engineered by second-string Quarterback Pat Washington that produced its only score, with just 1:33 left.

Certainly Dye has done wonders since replacing Doug Barfield in 1981. He won 14 games in his first two seasons, beating Alabama 23-22 in '82, and he has attracted a flood of talented recruits who in previous years might have landed at Tualcoosa. But the big question is, can his wishbone offense really produce a national champion? When Auburn fell behind Texas, it had virtually no chance to catch up. Though Dye's wishbone is

by Jack McCallum

more pass oriented than most, starting Quarterback Randy Campbell is still only 7 of 26 for 87 yards in two games, and his best receiver, Chris Woods, has caught just one pass in each game.

Further, the read-and-react nature of the offense has taken the ball out of the hands of Auburn's most talented running back, sophomore Bo Jackson. A 5'11", 220-pound sprinter who ran a 6.18 60-yard dash to qualify for a berth in the NCAA indoor championships and a centerfielder who last year turned down a \$100,000 bonus offer to sign with the Yankees, Jackson is being touted as the most talented athlete in SEC history. But he rushed just once in the first half against Texas and finished with seven carries, three fewer than his running mate, tiny (5'7" and 170 pounds) Lionel James, and four fewer than Campbell. In two games Jackson has earned just 18 times, the same as Campbell and eight fewer than James. "Had they gotten the ball to Jackson, it would've been a much better test of our defense," said Mike Parker, Texas' defensive tackle coach. "I honestly don't know why they didn't."

Dye's explanation was simple: "We run a true wishbone. To get the ball specifically to Lionel or specifically to Bo would have to be predetermined, and that's not how our offense works." Not



Like all the Longhorns, Walker, who rushed for 57 yards, had a leg up on the Tigers.

that it worked very well against Texas.

Before the game, Akers had no reason to be optimistic about his offense. When Dodge went down in the final preseason scrimmage on Sept. 9—he's expected back in two weeks—the Longhorns attack was left to junior Rob Moerschell, who had never started and had thrown only two passes in his varsity career, and senior Rack McIvor, who had missed all of last season with a knee injury and all of spring practice because of academic troubles. Akers had refused to name a starter all week—and in a rare show of humor had even left Moerschell's and McIvor's names off the depth chart posted in the Texas locker room. Fifteen minutes before kickoff, he walked up to Moerschell and said, "We'll open with 77 (tailback off tackle)."

Moerschell ran the offense efficiently, plunging over from the one-yard line to cap an 84-yard drive on Texas' second possession. Moerschell, who spent the last two seasons returning punts, gained 20 yards himself on the drive and completed a key 20-yard pass to Fullback Terry Orr. He also made good use of his tailback, senior John Walker, who finished with a game-high 57 yards on 14 carries.

A flashy punt returner with the incredibly apropos name of Jitter Fields played a big part in the Longhorns' next score. Jitter's grandmother gave him his nickname, but he can't remember why; at any rate, no one calls him by his real name of Alfred anymore. Fields, who also plays cornerback, had most recently made an impression on Texas football fans last year against SMU when a pass bounced off him and fell into the arms of Mustang Wide Receiver Bobby Leach, who raced for a 79-yard touchdown that helped SMU to a 30-17 victory. "That play made me want to get my act together," says Fields. He has apparently succeeded. His 66-yard punt return led to Jeff Ward's 37-yard field goal and a 10-0 lead near the end of the first quarter.

Then the Texas defense took over. Weak Safety Jerry Gray made a stunning one-handed interception of a Campbell bomb at the Texas 10-yard line. "Frankly, I couldn't believe it myself," said Gray, who may be Texas' best defensive player. The interception spoke volumes about Texas' scheme on D. Its approach is a gambling, challenging one that includes a lot of bump-and-run and man-to-man pass coverage. On the intercept-

continued



7-Footer. High and dry for those who sky.

7-Footers are for big guys who like tall, over-the-calf socks. True ribbed tops mean they stay up no matter how hot the action gets. And Hi-Bulk Orion® Acrylic actually removes perspiration away from your feet. You'll stay high and dry in 7-Footers. At better sporting goods retailers. *Wigwam Mills, Inc., Sheboygan WI 53081 In Canada: Hanson-Mohawk, Inc., Prov. of Quebec

If feet talked, they'd ask for Wigwams.

Wigwam

WHEN YOU LIKE YOUR COLOGNE COMFORTABLE AND EASY TO WEAR.

STETSON® FITS.



Stetson Cologne & After Shave Lotion

© 1992 by A.F. 1992



Jackson got the ball so infrequently—seven times—that he gained only 35 yards.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

tion, Woods just ran by Cornerback Mowry Cade—no, Mowry isn't green; he's a senior and a two-year starter—but Gray, playing the run, raced back, got one hand on the pass and clutched it after it rolled on his shoulder pad. "In our defense," said Gray, "you've got to make

big plays." Texas will get burned by a big play or two this year, as it always does, but Auburn wasn't the team to do the burning. Three plays after the interception, McVoy, who had been inserted late in the first period, whipped an 80-yard scoring pass to reserve Kelvin Epps to make it 17-0.

The Tigers' frustration was summed

up by consecutive plays early in the fourth quarter, when Longhorn Tackle John Haines and End Eric Holle swatted Campbell's paws out of the air. Texas, it seemed, had waves of defensive linemen: the Longhorns used six tackles and four ends—with average dimensions of 6'4" and 253 pounds. For all Auburn knew, Akers could've slipped in Bevo XII, the Longhorns' 800-pound mascot. It wouldn't have been any worse for Jackson, who said: "I feel like I've been stampeded by a herd of cows."

Much was made of the Tigers' line, which has four All-SEC candidates and three solid pro prospects in seniors Doug Smith and Donnie Humphrey and junior Ben Thomas. Yet it could not overcome the 10-deep depth of Texas' defensive interior in a rare year when the Longhorns don't even have an All-America up front.

In fact, Texas' only problem may be a surfeit of riches. Akers has to juggle all those defensive linemen, 10 offensive linemen and eight running backs without causing a major collision on the sideline. Akers has already said that the two-quarterback system—McVorschell, as it has inevitably been dubbed—will continue, at least until the Longhorns are ready to play Dodgeball.

THE WEEK

by N. BROOKS CLARK

MIDWEST

Ohio State Tight End John Frank spent much of last Friday evening in an Oklahoma City synagogue, celebrating Yom Kippur, the holiest day on the Jewish calendar. Frank decided only the Monday before to play the Buckeyes' game with Oklahoma. "Since I have such a great team commitment, this is one year I decided to sacrifice," he said. Frank then proceeded to catch seven passes, two of them for touchdowns, in Ohio State's 24-14 victory. Quarterback Mike Tomczak completed 15 of 25 passes for 234 yards, and the Buckeye defense held Sooners rushers to 177 yards. "When you can do that to a team like Oklahoma," said Ohio State Coach Earle Bruce, "it's a great victory."

Michigan State was outgained by Notre Dame 446-225 in total yardage and got just two first downs in the second half, but the Spartans scored after two interceptions by Free Safety Phil Parker and on an 81-yard

pass and a 34-yard run to upset the Irish 28-23. Said Notre Dame Quarterback Blair Kiel of the interceptions, "Both of the passes were forced. That's stupid me again." The difference in the game, according to Irish Coach Gerry Faust, was Michigan State's punter, Ralf Morsiepenko, who had a 48.8-yard average for the day.

Wisconsin Punter George Winslow also made a difference as the Badgers edged Missouri 21-20. The Tigers' Ron Floyd fumbled two third-quarter punts—one was recovered by a seldom-used senior safety named Russ Belford to set up a touchdown, and the second was recovered in the end zone by Dan Turk, a junior center. "I never saw a punt like those two," said Floyd. "They were just hanging there. I thought they'd never come down." Explained Winslow, "If I kick them high they have a curvball effect."

Minnesota Coach Joe Salem joked last week that his team goals against Nebraska were to hold I-Buck Mike Rozier to under 200 yards and the Huskers to their team scoring average (50 points a game). Rozier did rush for only 196 yards, but Nebraska rolled up 790 yards and 84 points—the most by any Husker team since 1917. "I really am sorry we scored that many points," said Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne. "I hope the people up

here don't think we were vindictive. We were just running basic plays."

Cincinnati came down from its upset of Penn State, losing 27-17 to Oklahoma State, while Kansas beat Wichita State 57-6. In that game Jayhawk Kicker Bruce Kallmeyer set an NCAA record for most points kicking in one game, hitting five field goals and six point-after to surpass the mark of 20 points held by Mickey Banilla of Colorado State (1978), Charley Gogolik of Princeton (1965) and Alan Smith of Texas A&M (1963).

WEST

Oregon State Recover Reggie Blynn helped get USC's players up for their game in Corvallis. "He was quoted as saying this was SC's down year and SC's defense was soft," said Trojan Defensive Back Matt Johnson. "Then had a lot to do with us preparing for this game as if it were UCLA or Notre Dame." It was hardly necessary, as the Beavers handed over four turnovers in their own territory and Southern Cal's running game rebounded from a 92-yard performance against Florida with 289 yards, 111 of them from Fred Crutcher, as a 33-10 victory.

UCLA trailed Arizona State 26-10 with 12 minutes to play. The Sun Devils had sacked Rick Neuheisel 10 times and had held the

continued

The only cassette deck in America endorsed by 258,984 experts on sound.



Last year, more ears applauded Sony than any other line of cassette decks.

And Sony even delighted the ears of professional critics of sound. Which is why Sony decks have earned the praise of a number of major publications for their outstanding value.

Perhaps it's the performance—which is enhanced by Sony's unique LaserAmorphous™ heads and advanced Dolby™ C noise reduction—that earns

our decks such wide acclaim.

Or perhaps it's the convenience of such features as feather-touch controls. A linear tape counter that displays actual elapsed time in minutes and seconds

And systems that locate and play songs automatically.

Regardless, Sony cassette decks continue to win applause everywhere they're heard.

Which doesn't mean we're asking you to buy a Sony merely on hearsay.

Instead, we invite you to audition one of the new Sony cassette decks at your nearest audio dealer. And simply listen to what your ears say.



SONY
THE ONE AND ONLY

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

MARK STORY

HOME: New York City.

AGE: 35

PROFESSION: Commercial film director,
Picifer-Story Productions.

HOBBIES: Writing the ultimate self-help
book for the non-gregarious, *How to Spend
the Least Amount of Time with People
You Don't Like*.

LAST BOOK READ: *Post Office*,
Charles Bukowski.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT:
Directed *Fur*, a satirical short film,
for *Saturday Night Live*.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "After eight
years of taking orders in an advertising
agency, the time had come. The director
would become the director. And I did."

PROFILE: Works well with people.
Would prefer not to. "Closest recluse."

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White
Label." "After a long casting
session and too many stage
mothers, having a Dewar's
and soda is the only honor-
able thing to do."



Burns to —32 yards rushing. But then UCLA rallied for two touchdowns and a pair of two-point conversions to even the score. Arizona State got the ball on its own 20 with 1:36 to go and elected to run out the clock rather than try to drive into field-goal range. "It was my decision," said Coach Darrell Rogers. "We made it last week. We decided if it was down to a tie with little time, we'd kill the clock. We have such a young team, I felt a loss would be devastating in the second game."

Arizona was leading Washington State by only 10-6 when Wildcat Quarterback Tom Tunncliffe twisted his left ankle late in the first half. Reserve Alfred Jenkins came on to lead Arizona to 35 points and a 45-6 triumph. "All our defensive preparation was for Tunncliffe as quarterback," explained Cougar Coach Jim Walden. "If we played again next week, I think you'd see a different result."

SOUTHWEST New Mexico's defense has a habit of nitpicking constantly, so Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz installed two tight ends and had his seven offensive linemen line up shoulder to shoulder. That wrinkle put a crimp in the Razorbacks' multiple I offense, but the Lobos never got to Quarterback Brad Taylor, and Arkansas won 17-0.

In Rice's 24-10 loss to LSU, the Owls fumbled four times, while Arkansas State did the same on eight occasions—and lost four of them—in its 38-0 defeat at Texas A&M. One of the Aggies' touchdowns came on a 60-yard punt return by Billy Cannova Jr. In that game A&M kicker Alan Smith hit six field goals—the last a 57-yarder with seven seconds left—to tie the NCAA record for field goals in a game. Said Aggie Coach Jackie Sherrill of his decision to call a time-out and give Smith a chance at the record, "I think it's important to do this type of thing for your football team."

SOUTH "My heart skipped a lot of beats tonight," said Florida Coach Charley Peil after his Gators escaped an upset by scoring on a 15-yard TD pass with 9:22 remaining to beat Indiana State 17-13. "Psychologically, everything was in our favor," said Syracuse Coach Dennis Ruetz. "All week long the media said we didn't have a chance, but our kids didn't believe it. In that situation you can either respond or fold, and we responded."

Florida State also got a surprise—a 34-28 upending by Tulane. The Green Wave jumped ahead 14-0 on a 99-yard interception return by Treg Songy and a 77-yard punt return by Curt Braham. Tulane used a double-wing alignment, designed by first-year Coach Wally Hinkle, formerly quarterback and receivers coach of the Miami Dolphins. The formation is a pro-set with two tight ends, and it opened up draw plays and passes to the tight end. Thus, Tight End Larry Route ended up with six catches for 120 yards. After Florida

SI TOP 20

| | |
|-------------------------|-----|
| 1. NEBRASKA (3-0) | 2 * |
| 2. ARIZONA (3-0) | 3 |
| 3. TEXAS (1-0) | 5 |
| 4. N. CAROLINA (3-0) | 8 |
| 5. OHIO STATE (2-0) | 10 |
| 6. ALABAMA (2-0) | 12 |
| 7. IOWA (2-0) | 13 |
| 8. WEST VIRGINIA (3-0) | 14 |
| 9. WASHINGTON (2-0) | — |
| 10. FLORIDA (2-0-1) | 16 |
| 11. USC (1-0-1) | 17 |
| 12. BOSTON COLL. (2-0) | 16 |
| 13. MICHIGAN (1-1) | 1 |
| 14. GEORGIA (1-0-1) | 11 |
| 15. AUBURN (1-1) | 4 |
| 16. OKLAHOMA (1-1) | 7 |
| 17. FLORIDA STATE (2-1) | 6 |
| 18. LSU (1-1) | 19 |
| 19. MARYLAND (1-1) | 15 |
| 20. MICHIGAN ST. (2-0) | — |

* Last week

State went ahead 21-14 in the second quarter, Tulane scored a field goal and two more touchdowns under the direction of senior Quarterback Jon English, the coach's son. When his father took the job at Tulane, English, who had already attended Michigan State, Iowa State and two junior colleges, enrolled at Tulane. The NCAA declared him ineligible, but English took the matter to court. A state judge agreed to hear the matter on Oct. 4 and issued a temporary restraining order that allows English to play Tulane's returning quarterback, Bubba Brister, then quit and left school reportedly because he felt that Coach English was showing preferential treatment to Quarterback English. Against the Seminoles English completed 16 of 29 passes for 210 yards. "Give Tulane credit," said Florida State Coach Bobby Bowden. "That quarterback made play after play."

The Clemson-Georgia showdown came down to a field goal—a 31-yarder by Georgia's Kevin Butler that tied the score at 16-16 with 38 seconds to play. In the final seven seconds Clemson's Donald Igwebeke missed a 68-yarder, and then Butler was unsuccessful from 66 yards. Earlier Bulldog Roverback Terry Houge had blocked two Clemson field-goal attempts. Houge ascribes his kick-blocking skill to "turning as fast as you can. Then you just lay your body out there. I just tried to cut the corner close and I was able to do it."

In a duel of quarterbacks, West Virginia and Jeff Hostetler beat Maryland and Boomer Esiason 31-21 as Esiason bruised his right (non-throwing) shoulder and Hostetler threw for two touchdowns. Duke lost its third straight, 31-24 to South Carolina. The Gamecocks were trailing 14-0 when sophomore Al-

len Mitchell came off the bench to start the third quarter and spark the comeback.

North Carolina's 48-17 stomping of Miami of Ohio gave Tar Heels third-straight Tailback William Humes a chance to play. He took advantage, gaining 161 yards on 26 carries.

Alabama rallied over Mississippi 40-0 as Walter Lewis connected on 13 of 15 passes for 230 yards, and Miami shut out Purdue 35-0 on three touchdown passes by Bernie Kosar. Kentucky won its third straight, 24-13 over Indiana, for its best start since 1964.

EAST After scoring only nine points in its first two games, Penn State came up with an offense against Iowa—492 yards and 34 points under the direction of junior Doug Strang. But the Lions gave up 587 yards, including 345 passing by Hawkeye Chuck Long, and lost 42-34. "It was the poorest tackling by any team I've ever been associated with," said Coach Joe Paterno, whose Nittany Lions are the first defending national champions since TCU in 1939 to lose their first three games. Said Strang, "These last few weeks have been a test of our faith in ourselves, in God and in each other."

Boston College Quarterback Doug Flutie (page 38) suffered a mild concussion on the first play of the second quarter against Rutgers, but the Eagles won 42-22 as backup Shawn Halloran completed eight of 12 passes for 102 yards and a 33-yard touchdown. Said Boston College Coach Jack Bicknell, "It was good for the team to play without Flutie. We found we're not just a one-man team."

Cornell's new coach, Maxie Baughan, came back to Franklin Field, where he started with the Philadelphia Eagles at the '60s, but the Big Red lost to Penn 28-7. Brown defeat-

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Quarterback Allen Mitchell, a 6-foot, 172-pound sophomore, came off the bench to complete 14 of 20 passes for 242 yards and two touchdowns to lead South Carolina to a 31-24 win at Duke.

DEFENSE: Free Safety Phil Parker, a 5'11", 175-pound junior, had 11 tackles, broke up one pass and intercepted two—each setting up a touchdown—in Michigan State's 28-23 upset of Notre Dame.

ed Yale 26-24 on the running (114 yards) and passing (133 yards) of Quarterback Joe Potter for its first victory in the Yale Bowl since 1963. Dartmouth won over Princeton 21-3 on three one-yard runs by Tailback Richard Weissman, and Harvard beat Columbia 43-14 despite 368 passing yards by the Lions' John Wilkowski.

And at Yankee Stadium Grambling beat Morgan State 33-0 for Coach Eddie Robinson's 307th career victory. **END**

**SPECIAL
REPORT**



Inside Interior:



An Abrupt Turn

That the bison now faces right represents more than a change in an Interior Department seal. It reflects the views of Secretary James Watt and augurs trouble for many environmentalists. The first of two parts

by **Bil Gilbert**

Special Reporting by **Robert Sullivan**

continued

Interior

continued



What will become of jewels like Utah's Bryce Canyon National Park? What has America thinking?

Today no branch of the Federal Government, except perhaps the Internal Revenue Service, so personally touches the lives of so many Americans as does the Department of the Interior. It's the principal manager of an enormous treasure of publicly owned resources—coal, oil, gas, hard minerals, soil, timber, grass, water. It prospects for these resources, catalogs them, determines when and how they may be used and by what private and public interests.

Interior is the trustee of 735,000 Indian and Aleut citizens and influences the day-to-day affairs of these Native Americans. Interior is the guardian of 783 species of plants and animals judged to be in grave danger of disappearing forever. In many areas of natural science—geology, hydrology, archaeology, zoology, botany—Interior functions almost as a great national university, providing our principal research and information. Interior maintains most of the historical places and shrines, scenic beauties and natural wonders that Americans most admire. With no close competitor, Interior is the U.S.'s most important recreation institution, public or private. Last year 291,163,000 visits were made to national parks—a gauge, so to speak, that surpassed that drawn by all professional sports. In addition, some 30 million Americans—hunters, fishermen, campers, backpackers, amateur

naturalists and other recreationalists—availed themselves of facilities and natural resources found in wildlife refuges, wilderness areas and other lands managed by Interior. The department has approximately 75,000 employees operating on an annual budget of \$6 billion—and it generates revenues, in the form of fees collected from users and lessees of Interior resources, of about \$10 billion a year.

Land is the elemental source of Interior's profits, as well as its authority, wealth and importance. It is the *de jure* administrator but *de facto* owner of 32.7% of the U.S., that is, of about three-quarters of a billion acres of public land (190 million acres are in the Department of Agriculture's Forest Service, but Interior oversees mineral development on that, too); its Park Service manages 80 million acres; its Fish and Wildlife Service, 90 million (mostly as wildlife refuges); and its Bureau of Land Management, 341 million. The BLM is a catchall agency that tends to lands not set aside for parks, sanctuaries and forests nor claimed by states, homesteaders, railroad and highway builders or the military when the immense properties once owned by the Federal Government—including most of the area west of the Mississippi—were given away, sold and dedicated for special purposes.

In no other nation is there such a single, powerful agency

with the mandate of Interior—in essence, to define, regulate and shape the relationship between man and nature. That Americans created a Nature Ministry is not surprising. Perhaps more than any other modern people, Americans brood and argue over the proper way to deal with natural resources. It's a matter of firm if subliminal conviction that the U.S. has been magnificently endowed, as if in a vast global lottery, with exceptional natural bounty and beauty. The continuing conflict concerns what to do with the winnings.

On the one hand, there's the inclination to exploit, develop and consume. On the other, there's a strong, sometimes almost mystical belief that the U.S. began as a clearing in the wilderness and that its society is a product as much of its natural history as of its social history. There's a folk sense, formalized by the most American of thinkers—the Emersons, the Thoreaus and the Twains—that the best of humanity flows from the undeveloped and wild elements of its environment, that man's character, pride and luck depend upon conserving and preserving these elements and generally treating nature as respectfully and reverently as he can.

America's interest in developing and consuming nature has not weakened in this century, but the concern about conserving and preserving it has grown much stronger. Underlying the conservation-preservation movement are three broad convictions:

First, it became obvious by the 20th century that if the U.S. continued to squander and corrupt its natural riches, the country would soon become a less prosperous, pleasant and healthful place.

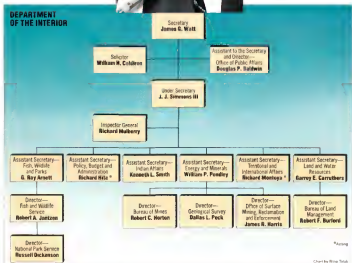
Second, dig-and-dump, run-and-move-on exploitation ignored the fact that nature left alone has substantive, if difficult to quantify, social value. For a variety of reasons—recreational, therapeutic, scientific, esthetic and nostalgic—a

number of Americans have found that wildish things and places improved the environment for them. As unspoiled nature became scarcer, the demand for it became greater.

Third is the ethical, at times almost theological, element in conservationist-preservationist philosophy. It has been expressed as *Rocks Have Rights*, which is a simple statement of an

assumed

Walt has brought a decidedly urban flavor to the Interior Department bureaucracy.



Interior

continued

enormously complex metaphysical proposition. The first implication is that objects of nature have been endowed by somebody or something with more or less sacred properties. Thus, if we ignore or attempt to subvert the rights of nature, we profane and blaspheme the giver of them. In secular terms, we corrupt our humanity by acting unethically. Another inference is that, in dealing with nature, the possession of a bulldozer does not necessarily make it right to use it. Just as in war, elaborate ethical calculations may justify leveling a mountain of rock, but the mere ability to accomplish the act does not automatically justify it.

During the post-World War II period these views came to be regarded as nonpartisan in the U.S. The most comprehensive set of environmental laws ever written anywhere—the Clean Air, Clean Water, Endangered Species and Environmental Policy acts—were passed during the Nixon Administration, working on a legislative groundwork laid down in the previous one of Lyndon Johnson. Their successors, Presidents Ford and Carter, supported and implemented the new laws.

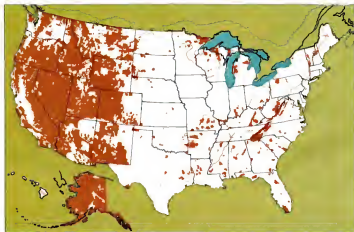
During these administrations the Interior Department was operated as if there were a broad public and political consensus, the nature of which was recently described by Cecil Andrus, a Carter appointee and the last Secretary of the Interior of this nonpartisan era. "There are wild-eyes on both sides," says Andrus. "Those who want absolutely no development, who want everything preserved and returned to a pristine state, and those who want absolutely no restraints or regulations on development of any sort. However,

reasonable people on both sides have been drawing closer and closer together. There was and remains, I feel, a real consensus. It is based on the commonsense idea that we can grow and prosper by using our natural resources but at the same time protect important natural values with prudent public regulation. Everybody but people like Jim Watt and the narrow right-wing ideological constituency he represents recognizes the reality of this consensus."

Like Andrus, many of those prominently involved in creating this consensus believe it to be widespread and deep-rooted. But they also believe that the nonpartisan approach to environmental management came to a screeching halt in January 1981 with the inauguration of President Ronald Reagan and the installation of James Watt as his Secretary of the Interior. And it's a fair guess that Watt would find the above a complimentary rather than derogatory assessment. From the beginning of his term, Watt has made it abundantly clear that his goal is to bring about "massive changes" in departmental operations.

His present prominence makes it a bit difficult to remember that Watt, when he joined the Reagan team, was perhaps the most obscure of the new Cabinet members, a man whose name was virtually unknown to the public. Though a Westerner, as most Interior Secretaries have been because the department's major landholdings and, in consequence, administrative and political concerns are in this region, Watt's background is dissimilar to that of most of his predecessors. Traditionally the Interior Secretary has been a powerful, often affluent chiefman of his party, frequently a former govern-

continued



The orange areas represent the 32.7% of the U.S. owned by the Federal Government. The majority of it is administered by Interior.

MICHELOB[®]

*Every ingredient
barley malt,
hops, rice and
very finest*

Some things speak for themselves

Interior

continued



Interior Secretary Andrew Watt greets the environmental consensus.



Sen. Simpson lauds Watt's get-tough tactics against "greenbackers."



Reed got Reagan's backing soon after he learned of Watt's Nixon

nor or Congressman. Watt had never sought elective office, had no independent political base and as a salaried career bureaucrat and attorney was, as he remains, a man of modest personal means.

James G. Watt was born in Wyoming in 1938 and grew up in small towns in that state. He was, by all accounts, an industrious, earnest youth given to good works. Boy Scouts, class offices and the like—and very much a straight arrow. After receiving a law degree from the University of Wyoming and marrying his high school sweetheart, Leilani Borgardner, he went to Washington in 1962 as legislative aide to Milward Simpson, a Wyoming Republican who had just been elected to the Senate. After serving four years on the Hill, Watt became a Washington lobbyist for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and then went on, during the Nixon Administration, to the Department of the Interior. There he was the deputy assistant secretary for water and power resources and then the head of the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, an agency that he has since abolished. He became a member of the Federal Power Commission in 1975.

Today, Secretary Watt is the best-known member of the Reagan Cabinet and, as evidenced by a variety of opinion surveys, the most disliked public official in the U.S. There has been speculation about his personality: why he is like he is. It has been theorized that as a straight, conventional young man he was shocked and frightened by the hairy, restless, rebellious young people of the '60s, became a premature curmudgeon and has carried on a jihad against what he considers to be the liberal sources of these abominations; that his Western provincialism and religion—Watt is a devout fundamentalist Christian—have made him not only a man of the far right but one of invincible self-righteousness. Such exercises in pop psychology aren't of much consequence. However, given his present position, what he has become is a matter of public significance.

Surprisingly for such a controversial figure, published records, testimony of friends and foes and that of the man himself are fairly consistent. Watt is a loyal, partisan Republican given to the ideology and rhetoric of the extreme right wing of that party. He is rigidly conservative—in all things—economics, religion and general culture. And he's a Western regional chauvinist to an extent that sometimes seems to verge on xenophobia.

Never once in Watt's public career has there been a whisper of conventional conflict-of-interest-for-private-advantage involving him. Even his fierce critics—and it can fairly be said that there is a host of them now—admit that the man is incorruptible. However, from his first days at Interior he has had a reputation, justified it seems, for unabashedly using its offices to advance special conservative political and economic interests, particularly those commonly regarded as interventionist.

Watt's beliefs recommended him to, among other conservative firebrands, Joseph Coors, a rich Colorado brewer of exceedingly far-right views. Coors was the chairman and principal financial angel of the Mountain States Legal Foundation in Denver. Watt became its president and chief legal officer in 1977.

The MSLF works to get repugnant environmental laws taken off the books and to hamper the activity of environmentalists, whom ultraconservative Westerners often regard as being on a par with pacifists, feminists, unionists, evolutionists and other liberal do-gooders as threats to the republic. In the 3½ years that Watt headed the foundation, he oversaw 47 litigations, many of them involving environmental issues. In 10 of the cases he was on the opposite side of the bar from the Department of the Interior. Alan Simpson, like his father a Republican Senator from Wyoming, says that Watt, whom he has known for 20 years, and the MSLF staff confronted preservationists in these legal engagements and "broke them of sucking eggs."


Watt became something of a darling of Western conservatives because of his MSLF successes as a banter of environmentalists. Therefore, after Reagan's election, his close friend and adviser Senator Paul Laxalt (R-Nev.) mentioned Watt as a possible candidate for the top Interior job. At the same time, Reagan's official environmental transition team was also considering the question of filling the secretary's post. This group was made up of moderate Republicans, many of whom had served at Interior during the Ford and Nixon Administrations. One of them, Nathaniel P. Reed of Florida, had been the assistant secretary for Fish, Wildlife

and Parks, perhaps the second most important slot at Interior, under both previous Republican presidents. When Reed heard that Reagan was going to nominate Watt, he got up from his chair, quit the transition team and caught the next plane out of Washington. Many other Republicans who had been part of the consensual environmental era felt, or soon came to feel, that this would be a new partisan ball game.

As the most ideologically responsive Cabinet member in perhaps the most ideologically sensitive administration of this century, Watt is a man of strong—almost fanatical—principles, which he has been not the least bit reluctant to express. In fact, it often seems that he regards the opportunity to preach about and proselytize for his conservative faith as one of the most important and attractive rewards of his office.

Among other things, he believes Interior policies of the past quarter century have been heavily weighted in favor of what he calls "blind preservation" and against business interests. Because of this tilt, he believes, the public has been barred from enjoying its own natural resources; entrepreneurs, especially those involved in energy, mineral, timber and livestock production, have been harassed; and economic progress has been severely curtailed. To Secretary Watt, this was bad natural-resources management because it impover-

continued



The Dry Look holds today's look all day.



Today's hair styles are neater, shorter and more natural. That's THE DRY LOOK® look. And THE DRY LOOK has a special 12-hour holding formula so you can keep that well-groomed look all day—even if you have fine or thinning hair. THE DRY LOOK hair spray. It keeps today's look looking good all day.

The Dry Look.
12-hour holding power.

Interior

continued



The U.S. invented national parks when it opened Yellowstone in 1872.

ished the country, and if continued long enough, it would be bad for nature, since a poor people have neither the means nor the inclination to preserve the environment.

Watt has made no bones about his opinion of the environmental consensus: He thinks it was a phony one. Rather than fairly representing American thought, this consensus, or the notion that there was a consensus, was invented by "elite" environmentalists, whose tactics Watt has compared to the Nazis'. He has also called them "pseudointellectuals" and "a left-wing cult." These men held key positions in such private organizations as the National Audubon Society, National Wildlife Federation, Sierra Club and Wilderness Society—or at Interior itself. To get and keep cushy and powerful jobs, and to socialize America with regulations that curtail private enterprise and the rights of individuals, they claimed there was a consensus and they spoke for it.

To right these wrongs, Watt said he would promote the exploitation of public resources by private enterprise, for which he confesses he has a "tremendous bias." He promised to eliminate from department decisions both the authority of hard-core preservationists within Interior and the influence of "ultraint environmentalists" outside it. Watt

also vowed to defund what he took to be objectionable anti-development and pro-preservation programs. He would do this, he announced, largely by using "the budget system to be the excuse to make major policy decisions."

Like others in the administration, Watt feels that the thrust of much pre-Reagan regulation was to increase the federal presence and powers and thereby modify the environmental behavior of the citizenry. This is thought to be an example of *statism*, a term that describes situations in which the Federal Government exercises too much power over the individual. The trend needed to be halted not because environmental works are necessarily bad but because the means used to accomplish them—collective social action, initiated and controlled by the central government—are so ideologically repulsive to those of the right. When a conflict between environmental protection and protecting the nation from socialist imperatives exists, then the latter must prevail as a matter of principle.

All of which has placed Secretary Watt at odds with the view that has held sway during the four previous presidential administrations—that by a large majority the people have made it clear that they expect government to provide a certain level of environmental management and protection. It's a nonnegotiable need, something the country must have, like military defense, a postal service or a highway system. Federal involvement in the environment, according to this line of thinking, isn't a question of right vs. left or statism vs. individual freedom but rather is required because corporate America and local governments have generally not shown the ability or inclination to provide as much protection as the citizenry wants.

The difference between the ideological approach of the present administration and the previous nonpartisan one is at the root of the controversy that has heightened around Interior during the past 2½ years. It was commented upon recently by Morris Udall, the 15-term Arizona Congressman who is, with his brother Stewart—the Interior Secretary under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson—one of the principal architects of the consensual approach. As the chairman of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, Udall,



a Democrat, has had as good a vantage point as anyone outside Interior to study the Watt administration. "There are major roles to be played in our government," says Udell. "The guy who speaks for the business community is the Secretary of Commerce. For Wall Street and those people, the Secretary of the Treasury takes the lead. The Interior Secretary has been the nation's conservationist. This is the guy who's guardian of the resources, this is the man who gets up in the morning and asks what he can do to preserve the wilderness and timber and the water supplies and the watershed and the endangered species and so on. That traditionally is the role.

"Watt turns this on its head. He cleverly and deliberately has undertaken to water down some of the laws and to weaken regulations that ought to be kept strong. There are plenty of people sucking up for the polluters and for the chemical companies and railroads and coal companies, but the guy who is in there as Secretary of the Interior ought to be looking out for the people, for species and wildlife and rivers."

For 50 years I have been interested in American fauna, flora, topography, lands, waters, history and, I suppose, the man-nature relationship. After I became a journalist these subjects continued to engage me, as did the Interior Department itself, about which I've been writing fairly regularly since the Eisenhower Administration. Naturally I've had more than average interest in how—and if—the "massive changes" promised by Watt were affecting America.

At this point a warning seems obligatory. Interior is a large and complex institution. I doubt that anyone can adequately understand, much less describe, all the intricacies of the department. I certainly don't claim to be able to. Therefore, what follows is merely intended as a series of observations of a few Interior agencies, people and issues, with special emphasis on events since January 1981.

THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

The Park Service makes a good place to begin. It was an American invention—Yellowstone, established in 1872, was the first national park in the world. The service now has nearly 16,000 employees, administers 334 separate locales (variously called parks, monuments, memorials, historic sites, scenic waterways and parkways *et al*) and is probably the best known and liked of all the Interior agencies. Nevertheless, the Park Service has become more controversial during the Watt administration than at any other time in recent memory.

Watt likes the national parks. He has said so repeatedly, and his deeds bear out his words. Audes say he wants to visit more national parks than any previous secretary. Apparently, maintaining a national park system is a traditional activity that appeals to his fundamentalist views and that he regards as at least a tolerable form of statism. Some months before Watt took office, General Accounting Office officials prepared a document that contained a list of things that needed fixing up in the parks system and of proposed new facilities. The total bill for this work would be \$1.6 billion. Watt seized on this report, saying that it proved that while former Interior executives and congressional committees had been prattling about preservation, they'd allowed the "national jewels"—as he frequently calls the parks—to deteriorate. Watt said that rectifying this shameful situation would be a top priority of his administration. Thereupon he created PRIP (Park Restoration and Improvement Program) and, despite the general push to cut domestic budgets, he has succeeded in getting the approximately \$200 million per year requested for it.

PRIP has served as something of a *per se* gimmick—and a fairly misleading one, critics charge—that has enabled Watt to claim that he, the supposed antipreservationist, has been more generous than his predecessors toward the parks. This is true so far as new maintenance funds go, but overall park

continued



On the endangered list for years, the black-footed ferret (far left) and the bald eagle are better protected than the Utah prairie dog, which is considered merely threatened. Watt has been reluctant to add more species to the endangered list.



Interior

continued

funding has been cut. Watt believes that the parks system is largely completed—"We've discovered all the Yellowstones," says an aide—and that expanding it is a waste of public money and an exercise in creeping statism. He derides the purchasing orgies of his predecessors in the Carter, Ford and later Nixon years—which, even in the service at the time, were sometimes sarcastically called the Park-a-Month Policy. He has placed an absolute ban on initiating the acquisition of any new park.

This moratorium on buying new lands is the parks-related decision that has most stirred the wrath of conservationists, preservationists and congressional committees dealing with the service. They argue that because Watt's mind is set against acquisition he continues to ignore two major long-term threats to the parks. First, there is the external threat posed by developments of various sorts on adjacent lands, which may degrade or, in effect, destroy parks. A condominium erected too close to a park—two vacation homes were built on an inholding in Grand Teton park last year, and a subdivision is planned on an inholding in the Santa Monica National Recreation Area—can spoil views and threaten water quality. Second, each year park crowds increase. If more and more people continue to use the same areas, damage to the setting that made the land desirable as a park in the first place will inevitably occur. The solution to both problems is to expand the system, perhaps not at the previous rate, but enough to spread out use within the parks and control detrimental usage of lands near them.

I believe that the Park-a-Month policy needed to be changed. It resulted in the acquisition of some mediocre properties, a number of which were purchased to stroke influential Congressmen, and reduced resources available for parks maintenance. However, the idea that we will never need or want any more parks seems unrealistic. Therefore I was anxious to ask Watt if he foresaw a time when it would be advisable to add new lands to the system. He said, "No. We've got to learn to live with what we have."

ENDANGERED SPECIES

The Endangered Species Act, created by Congress and signed into law by Nixon in 1973, has generally been a popular law because most people apparently believe that trying to save small populations of hard-pressed species from extinc-

tion is a decent endeavor. However, there has been grousing about the Endangered Species Act in certain conservative circles, in which some people view it as clear proof of how pervasive the Rocks Have Rights nonsense has become. Developers in the rural West saw the Act as yet another invasion by federal regulators, because to protect species it's usually necessary to protect their habitat and thus restrict human use of it. Finally, the Endangered Species Act seemed to culminate a trend that had been building during much of this century—the feds taking over the management of wildlife from the states and private individuals. Among those who find this to be bad public policy is the Heritage Founda-

tion, a far-right political think tank to which Watt has close personal and philosophical ties. After Reagan's election the foundation issued a massive document entitled *Mandate for Leadership* that contained many suggestions about how federal agencies should be operated under a conservative administration. Seventy pages were devoted to Interior, which Heritage scholars felt had become a hotbed of statist-socialistic-preservationist activity. A major ill was identified as the subversive influence within Interior of "biological types," also referred to in one supplement as "prairie furies and tree huggers." Many of these hang out in the Fish and Wildlife Service, the principal agency for dealing with American fauna, which the Heritage mandate described as a "limited-purpose agency [whose actions] are not in the general public interest, but in fact seriously damage the general welfare of this country's citizenry."

As to the Endangered Species Act, the Heritage Foundation commented that the listing of these creatures was the FWS activity which "may have the greatest impact on the development of public and private lands of any law currently on the books." It is obvious that the foundation thinkers regard this impact as unfortunate.

Because that view is fairly common among those who make up the Reagan constituency, it was widely predicted that when the Endangered Species Act came up for congressional renewal in 1982 there would be a bloody fight, with Watt and his allies orchestrating a campaign to gut the law. Watt did ask that consideration of the bill be postponed until 1983, apparently because Congressmen would be unlikely to tinker with a popular law during an election year, which 1982 was. However, Watt's request for a delay was rejected, and conservationists succeeded in getting the law renewed



Watt wants to lease more public coal lands for strip mining.

As renewed, the act was perhaps a stronger one in preservationist terms than its predecessor. But there have been complaints that Interior is doing no more than just living with the new law—and a bit grudgingly at that—and has engaged in some administrative maneuvering that has reduced its effectiveness.

For a species to warrant federal protection it must first be listed by the Secretary of the Interior as threatened or endangered—in a sense be certified as a truly needy plant or animal. Thereafter, as staff and funds become available, a committee will be designated to draw up a recovery plan, a set of recommendations about what might be done to improve the situation of the species. The position of the Watt administration is similar to that which it has assumed regarding national parks: that rather than acquire new federal responsibilities—in this case more endangered species—it's wiser to pay closer attention to the ones already on hand. Therefore, the emphasis has been on drawing up recovery plans rather than listing new endangered species. During Watt's tenure 261 recovery plans have been approved or drafted, as compared to 98 during the four years of the Carter Administration. On the other hand, during Watt's time only 17 new species have been given endangered status while in the previous administration 103 were so listed.

From the viewpoint of preservationists, there's a weakness in the drawing-up-more-recovery-plans approach. Listing a species as endangered puts it under federal protection and confers immediate benefits on it as well as its habitat. Recovery plans, on the other hand, are simply administrative reports that have no impact on a species or the lands and water it inhabits until work begins in the field. In this regard, the efforts of the Watt administration have been minimal to negative. No significant new recovery work has been accomplished. Funding for existing recovery operations has leveled off or been reduced, and the administration also proposed to cut the budget for enforcement of the endangered species law from \$5.7 million in 1983 to \$4.9 million in 1984. Congress approved \$6.1 million, a 24% increase over Interior's request. On this question Watt's words—"We will use the budget system to be the excuse to make major policy decisions"—are hard to forget.

THE WILDERNESS

In 1964 Congress passed and President Johnson signed an

act calling for certain public lands to be dedicated as wilderness, i.e., tracts that would remain essentially and perpetually undeveloped. Federal agencies—the Park Service, the Bureau of Land Management, the Forest Service and the Fish and Wildlife Service—were to study their holdings to determine which parcels should be recommended for wilderness designation. Thus far about 80 million acres have been placed in the Wilderness Preservation System; these lands will be closed to development this December. Some 24 million acres still regarded as candidates for wilderness designation are administered by the BLM.

When Watt began talking about how much public land

had wrongfully been "locked up" from development and how he intended to do considerable un-locking, there was instant speculation that what he was really talking about was the wilderness system—how to develop on designated lands and keep more parcels from being preserved as wilderness. These fears were quickly confirmed.

In May 1981 Watt sent a memo to his top appointees outlining objectives for them. One of the goals assigned Solicitor of the Interior Department William H. Coldiron, previously the legal counsel and vice-chairman of the board of the Montana Power Company, was to "open wilderness areas." No three words have since caused the Watt administration as much difficulty as "open wilderness areas."

Toward the end of 1981 Watt told the National Petroleum Council, "We're working with the Department of Agriculture ... to establish leasing procedures for oil and gas resources in wilderness areas. . . ." Later he proposed legislation that would give the President greater freedom to open wilderness areas to development if he found "urgent national need to do so." When the fine print of this proposal was digested, Congress objected and even refused to hold hearings on what some critics called "the Wilderness Sunset Bill." Simpson, generally a supporter of the administration, said he "just told Jim that's nuts." Simpson said the entire Wyoming delegation felt similarly. "There's a lot of places to punch holes rather than the wilderness," says Simpson. "So we said so. I think Jim was a little surprised."

Perhaps because of such surprises, Watt, by mid-1982, was taking the position that he thought almost as well of wilderness as he did of parks. And to prove it, he'd handle the wilderness in much the same way: He would protect the ex-

continued



Even before Watt, oil rigs were seen on well-managed lands.

using system but was not inclined to expand it much or at all. This focused attention on the 24 million acres of BLM land still being considered for wilderness status. Conservationists feared that those acres might be opened to developers, and once they were, Watt would claim that the lands were no longer suitable for wilderness designation. To forestall any such end-around play, the House of Representatives, in September 1982, approved by a 340-58 margin a one-year ban on development in any wilderness study areas. Despite having 54 co-sponsors in the Senate, the proposed ban never reached a formal vote there. Secretary Watt ignored this legislative expression of opinion and proceeded to process leases on the land.

Perhaps more than any other issue, the wilderness controversy has led to the perception that many high Interior officials are as handicapped in dealing with nature as a tone-deaf person would be in conducting an orchestra. There's a sense that they are essentially men of business, law or politics who have little feeling for natural phenomena. Having, for example, never thrashed through chaparral to the top of a cliff and lain there watching eagles wheel in the sky, they can little understand why so many people get their sails in knots over suggestions that it might be good policy to shoot a few eagles to help sheep ranchers.

Certainly Watt's feelings about the wild are a matter of legitimate public interest. When Watt was asked if he would talk a little about what value wilderness has for the republic, he said no, because one cannot define wilderness. It means too many different things to too many different people. For example, he said, some Americans might think having a picnic in a park was a wilderness experience. He said he didn't claim to be a passionate outdoorsman, but that he did, when he had time, enjoy walking around the environs of Washington and that he had a kayak that he sometimes paddled. Then he told of his grandparents, who had settled along a Wyoming stream, built a dam and caused the flora and fauna to flourish. That was as far as he would go on the subject.

PRIVATIZATION

An assumption underlying many of the Watt administration's policies is that private works are more efficient and innately superior to public ones. It is thought that public lands and resources will be better managed if private entrepreneurs are given easier access and freedom to develop them. This privatization, Watt claims, will improve the economy, national security and social environment. Nature will not suffer because what is good for people is good for nature. In his fiscal 1983 budget proposal Reagan announced that during the next five fiscal years \$17 billion worth of public lands would be sold to the highest bidders.

In discussing that announcement, Watt said, "The basic difference between this administration and the liberals is that we are market-oriented, people-oriented. We are trying to bring our acres into the market so the market will decide their value." Soon thereafter he said the administration's



Interior's bid on expanding the park system could damage existing properties like

\$17 billion plan involved only about 5% of the public lands—a small percentage that computes to a substantial 35 million acres—an area roughly equal in size to Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts.

The proposal was met with screams of protest and derision. Preservationists were angered by the idea of turning over so much public land to private developers. Economists pointed out that if so much land were made available, real-estate markets, particularly in the West, would become so depressed that the public properties would have to be virtually given away. Interior officials began backing away from the plan as if it were a bucket of rattlesnakes. Doug Baldwin, Watt's chief of public affairs, now says that "privatization" is a misnomer at the department, and the \$17 billion sale is dead as a doornail. But who knows what would have happened had there not been loud cries by the opposition?

That Interior should lease out some of its lands to private users for farming, grazing, timber cutting and prospecting for and extracting minerals and energy resources was established long before the Watt administration. For example, oil rigs have long stood in the Texas federal refuge where



Glacier National Park, which borders on an Indian reservation dumping ground.

whooping cranes overwinter, and there have been few conflicts between the birds and the drillers.

Under Watt, Interior has dramatically stepped up the rate at which leases are granted. Some 40,000 energy and mineral leases have been processed in the past two years, nearly as many as in the previous decade. Also, changes have been made that give leaseholders more freedom over what they can do on the land—and Interior agents, which is to say the representatives of the public, less control.

The disposal of publicly owned coal serves as a good illustration of the new leasing programs. The Watt administration believes that coal deposits on publicly owned land have been wrongly locked up by past preservationist regulations and administrators, making the country more dependent on foreign energy. Thus, about 120,000 acres of new coal leases have been made available during the past two years, compared to about 80,000 between 1972 and 1980. Last week Watt, ignoring the advice of the General Accounting Office and defying Udall's House committee, put an additional 540 million tons of coal in Montana and North Dakota up for auction.

There's little evidence that curtailing the number of coal leases was, in fact, much of a national problem. When Watt came into office, developers already held leases permitting them to extract 16.5 billion tons of coal underlying public lands—enough to cover the nation's needs for the next 25 years. Consider that four-fifths of last week's auctioned coal tonnage did not even attract bids. Nevertheless, the Watt administration says advanced leasing is desirable as a means of allowing industry to make long-range development plans. A more likely consequence is that these policies will produce speculation in coal leases rather than stimulate production. Such speculative trading was the main reason leasing was first slowed down in the Nixon Administration.

SCIENCE

At present the Interior Department seems uneasy about science and scientists. Employees who in the past were regarded as distinguished scientists are now scornfully called "hobbyists." They've been warned about wasting time and money on "esoteric research," i.e., projects that can be defended only on the grounds that more knowledge is better than less. Budgets for natural history research have generally been cut and in some cases eliminated. When Watt came to office he ordered a background check on every scientist employed or consulted by Interior. Those of questionable loyalty to the conservative cause were dropped.

One federal scientist thinks Interior has become a scientific gulag. He says he has lobbied anonymously in the press against specific decisions, but "when we're in Washington or in hearings, we have to talk the administration line or we're in hot water."

Another Interior scientist who received clearance to be interviewed for this report said, "Yes, absolutely," that the nature of his professional life had been changed. Could he talk about it? "Not without getting in a lot of trouble," he replied. Were scientists in the department able to disseminate information freely? "No, no," he said. "Just the fact that we have to get approval to speak to you shows that."

There has always been—at least in the West since the time of Plato—a strong body of opinion that finds the scientific process dangerous and corruptive. Most simply, science is an attempt to determine reality by examining nature and working inductively from particular facts to more general conclusions. In contrast, the ideologically inclined tend toward deductive reasoning, beginning with a principle or ideal and proceeding toward specifics that support it.

For True Believers of every persuasion, science is suspect because it searches rather than accepts. It rests on the premise that if observable natural fact is at odds with established belief, the latter must be modified or abandoned.

TRUE BELIEVERS

I do not share the opinion of many of Watt's critics who think that the secretary is a kind of bureaucratic poltergeist and that all of the problems and controversies now sur-

continued

Interior

continued

rounding Interior can be laid to his idiosyncrasies; that they would go away if he did. These critics badly overstate Watt's role. He is, in fact, less an aberration than a product of a long-established ultraconservative factor in American culture and politics. He's acting in accordance with what may be the closest thing we have to an endemic American ideology, one that might be called the Frontier Response. It's not a formal, cohesive philosophy but a random collection of traditions, biases and beliefs. There's nostalgia for the good old days of 19th-century America—especially Western America—as portrayed not by historical records and studies but as romanticized in works such as John Wayne movies. There's an anarchistic touch stemming from the conviction that the effect of much law and other government activity is to unfairly restrain the most able and reward the most slothful segments of society. In regard to the environment, the dominionist theory prevails; rooted in Protestant theology, it holds that God gave the world to man to use as he damn well pleases. Accordingly, the notion that Rocks Have Rights may seem like a pantheistic blasphemy.

Dominionist attitudes and the behavior they helped inspire enabled America to accomplish its greatest national feat—winning the continent, particularly the Western regions of it. Because most Americans no longer believe in and

practice the Frontier Response, conservatives of the Watt persuasion believe the country has become a confused, uncertain, problem-beset place. They believe the U.S. can recover if it returns to the ways and ideas that worked so successfully in the past. The people must trust and respect the class whose progenitors perfected the Frontier Response; i.e., white American men, who are the most favored of all God's creatures. In the context of environmental affairs, if America gives to white men the keys to things like oil, gas and coal production, they will treat nature as well as they think it should be treated and all will profit from their enlightened stewardship just as they did in the last century.

None of this is set down in a single memo, platform or document. Nevertheless, a number of words and deeds, some of which are noted above, indicate that it is essentially toward this end, a return to the past and its exploitation of nature, that the Interior Department is now being operated.

NEXT WEEK

The author examines one of the environmental groups on Watt's enemies list, visits with several of its grass-roots members and returns with a surprising conclusion regarding Watt's impact.



SAVE WITH THE CHAMPION.

Champion Spark Plugs are now on sale at your Sears Tire and Auto Center. And with winter just around the corner, the timing couldn't be better. A new set of Champions can help protect your car from misfiring, stalling, or not starting at all.

Non-resistor
regular price \$9.95

only 89¢

Resistor
regular price \$1.24

only 99¢

On sale September 11th thru October 1st

Pricing and dates apply only to the continental United States except Alaska. Available at most Sears Tire and Auto Centers.

*We perform most automotive services during prevailing rate hours.



Sears

© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1995

Lord of the Canadians

Enjoy the smoothest Canadian ever. The one that lords it over all others when it comes to taste. The Canadian that's proud to call itself Lord of the Canadians. Make the climb to Lord Calvert. Lord of the Canadians.

CANADIAN
LORD CALVERT
CANADIAN
Canadian Whisky

Sports Illustrated



Photography by Mickey Priefer for Sports Illustrated

It's a wonderful world!

Nobody has ever been able to say what sport is, quite.

But life would hardly be the same without it. Perhaps that's because sport means a number of opposite things.

It means fact and it means fancy. It is as tangible as a golf club and as intangible as a dewy morning, exciting as a photo finish, serene as ebb tide.

It is competition, composure, memory, anticipation. Sport is not all things to all people. But today it is something

in more different ways to more people than it has ever been before.

It is what no one *has* to do and almost everyone *wants* to do. It represents, on the one hand, challenges willingly accepted—and on the other, gambits willingly declined.

Its colors are as bright as a cardinal's feathers; as soft as midnight on a mountain trail.

It is as loud as a stadium at the climax

of a World Series—and as quiet as snow. It is exercise and rest. It is man exuberant—and man content.

In America today, sport is not only a dream that lies over the rainbow. It is also an awakening that brings a family together—on a boat or beach, skiing weekend or camping trip.

Sport is a wonderful world.

Sports Illustrated

© 1982 Time Inc. All Rights Reserved

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 12-18

Compiled by Eva L. Babin

BOXING—RAY (Boom Boom) MANCINI retained his WBA lightweight crown with a ninth-round KO of Orlando Romero in New York (page 48)

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL When asked why his Rams, 2-7 last year, were 2-0 this year, rookie Coach John Robinson said, "We kept like heck the whole year and find a way to win." But on Sunday Los Angeles found a way to lose when an Eric Dickerson fumble was recovered on the Rams' 19-yard line with 29 seconds to play. That set up the San Francisco 49ers field goal that gave the Packers a 27-24 win in a 2-1 record and a share of the NFC Central lead (page 24). Green Bay would have had sole possession of first place had Minnesota not narrowly escaped with a 19-16 overtime defeat of Tampa Bay. The Rams lost dropped them into a four-way tie with the rest of the NFC West again. Atlanta, San Francisco and New Orleans, all of which were winners. The Falcons were paced by Quarterback Steve Burkhead, who posted for 300 yards and three TDs in a 30-14 win over Denver. The 49ers, Joe Montana also threw, for three touchdowns, as San Francisco beat St. Louis 42-27. The Saints defeated Chicago 34-30 in OT when Kerry Ressler marched New Orleans from its own two-yard line to a game-winning 40-yard field goal by Morten Andersen. The Bears' defeat overshadowed an extraordinary performance by Running Back Walter Payton, who rushed for 161 yards and three two TD passes to rookie Willie Gault. Another remarkable day was also at the stadium. Tony Collins broke both the 100-yard defense and a 17-year New England record by rushing for 212 yards in the Pats' 24-15 win. Collins, who had three touchdowns, eclipsed the old 198-yard yard set by Jim Nantz. The Patriots and Jets are now tied at 1-2 in the AFC East, one game behind Buffalo, which beat the Colts 28-27. Philadelphia's Tony Franklin led a 45-yard field goal with 57 seconds left in the game to drop Denver from the exhibition ranks and run the home debut of John Elway. Elway's first TD pass in a game, a 31-yarder to Running Back Rick Upchurch, tied the score at 10-10 with 1:54 remaining. The Broncos' loss dropped them half a game behind the Raiders in the AFC West. For the first time in seven years, Tom Landry, unquestioned by Dallas Cowboys in a local home the night before a game and established a mid-night rivalry. The result, a 28-13 victory over the Giants. It was the Cowboys' third straight win as they remained atop the NFC East. Washington rallied from a 12-6 deficit and beat Kansas City 27-17. The Chiefs scored all their points on Andy Levens field goals, one of which was from 58 yards. It was the second defeat of the week for the Chiefs who lost Monday night when San Diego's quarterback Dan Fouts completed a 13-yard TD pass to Wes Chandler with 1:45 to play. The Chargers could not come up with any in-game heroics on Sunday, losing as they like to do, 24-23. It was only the second time in the 38-game history of the two clubs Pittsburgh and Cleveland shared the AFC Central lead after interminable victories over Houston and Cincinnati. The Steelers overcame a 47-yard kickoff errant by Carl Rouvenier to win 40-28, and the Browns triumphed 17-7. Including preseason games, it was the eighth straight loss for the Bengals.

GOLF—Three-time Women's Amateur champion Juli Inkster, who qualified for the LPGA Tour only one month ago, shot a five-under-par 203 to win \$175,000 here in Kent. Welsh Sheri Heath Kathy Whitworth, Jo Ann Washam and Cindy Lincoln by one stroke.

FUZZY ZOEHLER beat Rex Caldwell by four shots to win the \$1 million Las Vegas Pro Celebrity Classic. Zoehler gave an 18-under-par 240 for the 90 holes, which were played over four Las Vegas courses.

HORSE RACING—Laffa Prince Jr. rode NUNNY'S HALLO (\$100,000) to a 15-length victory over Play Fellow in the \$500,000 Louisiana Super Derby IV at Fair Grounds. The 3-year-old colt covered the 10 1/2 miles in 2:01 3/16 (page 22).

MOTOR RACING—Rik K. MEARS won a second for Indy cars by averaging 187.325 mph for 100 laps around the two-mile Michigan International Speedway oval. Mears, driving a Penske-4, overtook Pat Li-

beat Bobby Rahal in a March-Cosworth, by eight seconds in the CART event.

SAILING—The U.S. defender, LIBERTY, took a 2-1 lead in the challenger, ALABAMA II, in the biennial America's Cup series off Newport (page 20).

SOCCER—NASL Neither the Cosmos nor the Vancouver Whitecaps are headed for the 1983 Soccer Bowl. In a week of stunning upsets, the two teams, which had finished first and second, respectively, in the regular season's point race, were dethroned in their best of three quarterfinal playoff series. The Cosmos, the 1982 NASL champions who had lost their possession opener the week before, were knocked out 1-0 in the second game of their series with Le Mans de Montreal, a team that made the playoffs by gaining the last wild-card berth. Montreal completed its sweep in a controversial goal by Dragan Vukovic in the seventh round of a shootout. The Cosmos contended that the goal came after the first-second clock had expired, but their protest was denied by the NASL office. The Cosmos had qualified for five of the last six Soccer Bowls. Montreal went on to win a 2-1 shootout in Tulsa, in one extra-half series, the Roughriders, having advanced out their 3-2 and 4-2 defeats of Fort Lauderdale. Vancouver suffered its upset not so much at the hands of the Cosmos but at the feet of the first of the three. Neil Roberts, Roberts scored late in the second game to give Toronto a 4-3 victory and was the lone scorer in the Bruins' 1-0 win in the third game. Toronto then won the new game of its semifinal series 1-0 in a shootout against Golden Bay, which had eliminated Chicago 6-1 0-3-2.

TENNIS—Unseeded LISA BENDER defeated Andrea Jaeger 6-2, 5-7, 6-3 to win the \$175,000 Queen's Grand Prix in Tokyo.

JIMMY ARIAS beat Jose Luis Cruz 2-6, 6-0 to win the \$100,000 Seacrest Open in Palermo, Italy.

HARBORERS—FILED In Tampa District Court by the TAMPA BAY BANDITS and their owner, JOHN BASSETT, a damage suit against the TAMPA BAY CRABBERS and their owner, EUGENE V. KLEIN, contending that the Crabbers engaged in illegal interference of a contractual relationship when they tried to lure Tampa Bay's star pitcher, Rick Aguilera, into signing with San Diego (SI, Aug. 29). It is the first suit between a USFL and an NFL team.

TRADED By the New England Patriots, Tight End DON BASSLER, 28, to the Los Angeles Raiders for Tight End DERRICK RAMSEY, 26.

By the Los Angeles Dodgers, Pitcher RICKY WRIGHT, 24, to the Texas Rangers, completing the trade that brought Pitcher RICK BINEY, 27, 29, to L.A. on Aug. 19.

By the N.Y. Knicks, Guard VINCE TAYLOR, 27, and a 1983 first-round draft choice, to the Indiana Pacers for Guard BILLY KNIGHT, 31, who the Knicks then traded to Kansas City along with a undisclosed amount of cash, for Guard RAY WILLIAMS, 28.

DEO RICHARD WERTHEIM, 40, the Ironman who was hit by a bull and fell backward on his head during a Sept. 10 junior boys match at the U.S. Open tennis championship, of injuries sustained in that fall, in Flushing, N.Y. Wertheim would not say whether he was hit in the groin by a bull struck by Sweden's Stefan Edberg. He did five days later, having never regained consciousness.

SABIN W. CARR, 79, the 1928 Olympic gold-medalist winner in the pole vault and the first vaulter to clear 14 feet, in Ventura, Calif.

FACES IN THE CROWD



BART HARRIS
Amateur Mo.

Harris, 10, surpassed the Junior Olympic 10-and-under record in the upward shotput by 1 1/8 inches with a throw of 34' 5 1/2" at the Region Eight championships in Manhattan, Kans. He also won the state basketball throw (205 feet).



EDWARD MOORE
LITTLE ROCK, AR.

Edward, 12, won gold medals in the three-meter platform diving and a silver in the one-meter at the National Junior Olympics in Austin, Texas. At the world age-group championships in New Zealand he won the three-meter event.



ROBBIE MCMICHAEL
WINTER SPRING, FLA.

Robbie, 13, set nine state age-group records in both butterfly and free style events over a two-week period. He set three records in four races at the Sunshine State Games and six at the State Long Course Championships, at which he won nine of 11 events.



WALTON MEADOR
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Meador, 26, a retired engineer in communications, set an over-70 age group record when he broke 190 of 200 targets in winning the class D singles title at the state snipe-shooting championships. It is his third title since he first won in 1954.



CARLA MCLAUGHLIN
Durham, N.C.

At the National Junior Olympics held in Durham, Carla, 16, a junior at Northern Durham High, was a triple gold medal winner, breaking first in the 100 meters (1:11.92) and the 200 (2:42.02) and running anchor on the Durham Striders' 4 x 100 relay team (47:21). Musa, 16, a senior at Hillside High, broke the meet record in the intermediate mile's 5:00.6 by 3 1/2 seconds with his time of 5:14.4. He also ran the third leg of the Striders' winning 4 x 800 relay team (18:05.54).

| CREDITS | |
|---------|---|
| 12-18 | Episodes 4-10: Jane Stewart; 11-18: Linda L. Smith; 19-20: John Smith; 21-22: John Smith; 23-24: John Smith; 25-26: John Smith; 27-28: John Smith; 29-30: John Smith; 31-32: John Smith; 33-34: John Smith; 35-36: John Smith; 37-38: John Smith; 39-40: John Smith; 41-42: John Smith; 43-44: John Smith; 45-46: John Smith; 47-48: John Smith; 49-50: John Smith; 51-52: John Smith; 53-54: John Smith; 55-56: John Smith; 57-58: John Smith; 59-60: John Smith; 61-62: John Smith; 63-64: John Smith; 65-66: John Smith; 67-68: John Smith; 69-70: John Smith; 71-72: John Smith; 73-74: John Smith; 75-76: John Smith; 77-78: John Smith; 79-80: John Smith; 81-82: John Smith; 83-84: John Smith; 85-86: John Smith; 87-88: John Smith; 89-90: John Smith; 91-92: John Smith; 93-94: John Smith; 95-96: John Smith; 97-98: John Smith; 99-100: John Smith; 101-102: John Smith; 103-104: John Smith; 105-106: John Smith; 107-108: John Smith; 109-110: John Smith; 111-112: John Smith; 113-114: John Smith; 115-116: John Smith; 117-118: John Smith; 119-120: John Smith; 121-122: John Smith; 123-124: John Smith; 125-126: John Smith; 127-128: John Smith; 129-130: John Smith; 131-132: John Smith; 133-134: John Smith; 135-136: John Smith; 137-138: John Smith; 139-140: John Smith; 141-142: John Smith; 143-144: John Smith; 145-146: John Smith; 147-148: John Smith; 149-150: John Smith; 151-152: John Smith; 153-154: John Smith; 155-156: John Smith; 157-158: John Smith; 159-160: John Smith; 161-162: John Smith; 163-164: John Smith; 165-166: John Smith; 167-168: John Smith; 169-170: John Smith; 171-172: John Smith; 173-174: John Smith; 175-176: John Smith; 177-178: John Smith; 179-180: John Smith; 181-182: John Smith; 183-184: John Smith; 185-186: John Smith; 187-188: John Smith; 189-190: John Smith; 191-192: John Smith; 193-194: John Smith; 195-196: John Smith; 197-198: John Smith; 199-200: John Smith; 201-202: John Smith; 203-204: John Smith; 205-206: John Smith; 207-208: John Smith; 209-210: John Smith; 211-212: John Smith; 213-214: John Smith; 215-216: John Smith; 217-218: John Smith; 219-220: John Smith; 221-222: John Smith; 223-224: John Smith; 225-226: John Smith; 227-228: John Smith; 229-230: John Smith; 231-232: John Smith; 233-234: John Smith; 235-236: John Smith; 237-238: John Smith; 239-240: John Smith; 241-242: John Smith; 243-244: John Smith; 245-246: John Smith; 247-248: John Smith; 249-250: John Smith; 251-252: John Smith; 253-254: John Smith; 255-256: John Smith; 257-258: John Smith; 259-260: John Smith; 261-262: John Smith; 263-264: John Smith; 265-266: John Smith; 267-268: John Smith; 269-270: John Smith; 271-272: John Smith; 273-274: John Smith; 275-276: John Smith; 277-278: John Smith; 279-280: John Smith; 281-282: John Smith; 283-284: John Smith; 285-286: John Smith; 287-288: John Smith; 289-290: John Smith; 291-292: John Smith; 293-294: John Smith; 295-296: John Smith; 297-298: John Smith; 299-300: John Smith; 301-302: John Smith; 303-304: John Smith; 305-306: John Smith; 307-308: John Smith; 309-310: John Smith; 311-312: John Smith; 313-314: John Smith; 315-316: John Smith; 317-318: John Smith; 319-320: John Smith; 321-322: John Smith; 323-324: John Smith; 325-326: John Smith; 327-328: John Smith; 329-330: John Smith; 331-332: John Smith; 333-334: John Smith; 335-336: John Smith; 337-338: John Smith; 339-340: John Smith; 341-342: John Smith; 343-344: John Smith; 345-346: John Smith; 347-348: John Smith; 349-350: John Smith; 351-352: John Smith; 353-354: John Smith; 355-356: John Smith; 357-358: John Smith; 359-360: John Smith; 361-362: John Smith; 363-364: John Smith; 365-366: John Smith; 367-368: John Smith; 369-370: John Smith; 371-372: John Smith; 373-374: John Smith; 375-376: John Smith; 377-378: John Smith; 379-380: John Smith; 381-382: John Smith; 383-384: John Smith; 385-386: John Smith; 387-388: John Smith; 389-390: John Smith; 391-392: John Smith; 393-394: John Smith; 395-396: John Smith; 397-398: John Smith; 399-400: John Smith; 401-402: John Smith; 403-404: John Smith; 405-406: John Smith; 407-408: John Smith; 409-410: John Smith; 411-412: John Smith; 413-414: John Smith; 415-416: John Smith; 417-418: John Smith; 419-420: John Smith; 421-422: John Smith; 423-424: John Smith; 425-426: John Smith; 427-428: John Smith; 429-430: John Smith; 431-432: John Smith; 433-434: John Smith; 435-436: John Smith; 437-438: John Smith; 439-440: John Smith; 441-442: John Smith; 443-444: John Smith; 445-446: John Smith; 447-448: John Smith; 449-450: John Smith; 451-452: John Smith; 453-454: John Smith; 455-456: John Smith; 457-458: John Smith; 459-460: John Smith; 461-462: John Smith; 463-464: John Smith; 465-466: John Smith; 467-468: John Smith; 469-470: John Smith; 471-472: John Smith; 473-474: John Smith; 475-476: John Smith; 477-478: John Smith; 479-480: John Smith; 481-482: John Smith; 483-484: John Smith; 485-486: John Smith; 487-488: John Smith; 489-490: John Smith; 491-492: John Smith; 493-494: John Smith; 495-496: John Smith; 497-498: John Smith; 499-500: John Smith; 501-502: John Smith; 503-504: John Smith; 505-506: John Smith; 507-508: John Smith; 509-510: John Smith; 511-512: John Smith; 513-514: John Smith; 515-516: John Smith; 517-518: John Smith; 519-520: John Smith; 521-522: John Smith; 523-524: John Smith; 525-526: John Smith; 527-528: John Smith; 529-530: John Smith; 531-532: John Smith; 533-534: John Smith; 535-536: John Smith; 537-538: John Smith; 539-540: John Smith; 541-542: John Smith; 543-544: John Smith; 545-546: John Smith; 547-548: John Smith; 549-550: John Smith; 551-552: John Smith; 553-554: John Smith; 555-556: John Smith; 557-558: John Smith; 559-560: John Smith; 561-562: John Smith; 563-564: John Smith; 565-566: John Smith; 567-568: John Smith; 569-570: John Smith; 571-572: John Smith; 573-574: John Smith; 575-576: John Smith; 577-578: John Smith; 579-580: John Smith; 581-582: John Smith; 583-584: John Smith; 585-586: John Smith; 587-588: John Smith; 589-590: John Smith; 591-592: John Smith; 593-594: John Smith; 595-596: John Smith; 597-598: John Smith; 599-600: John Smith; 601-602: John Smith; 603-604: John Smith; 605-606: John Smith; 607-608: John Smith; 609-610: John Smith; 611-612: John Smith; 613-614: John Smith; 615-616: John Smith; 617-618: John Smith; 619-620: John Smith; 621-622: John Smith; 623-624: John Smith; 625-626: John Smith; 627-628: John Smith; 629-630: John Smith; 631-632: John Smith; 633-634: John Smith; 635-636: John Smith; 637-638: John Smith; 639-640: John Smith; 641-642: John Smith; 643-644: John Smith; 645-646: John Smith; 647-648: John Smith; 649-650: John Smith; 651-652: John Smith; 653-654: John Smith; 655-656: John Smith; 657-658: John Smith; 659-660: John Smith; 661-662: John Smith; 663-664: John Smith; 665-666: John Smith; 667-668: John Smith; 669-670: John Smith; 671-672: John Smith; 673-674: John Smith; 675-676: John Smith; 677-678: John Smith; 679-680: John Smith; 681-682: John Smith; 683-684: John Smith; 685-686: John Smith; 687-688: John Smith; 689-690: John Smith; 691-692: John Smith; 693-694: John Smith; 695-696: John Smith; 697-698: John Smith; 699-700: John Smith; 701-702: John Smith; 703-704: John Smith; 705-706: John Smith; 707-708: John Smith; 709-710: John Smith; 711-712: John Smith; 713-714: John Smith; 715-716: John Smith; 717-718: John Smith; 719-720: John Smith; 721-722: John Smith; 723-724: John Smith; 725-726: John Smith; 727-728: John Smith; 729-730: John Smith; 731-732: John Smith; 733-734: John Smith; 735-736: John Smith; 737-738: John Smith; 739-740: John Smith; 741-742: John Smith; 743-744: John Smith; 745-746: John Smith; 747-748: John Smith; 749-750: John Smith; 751-752: John Smith; 753-754: John Smith; 755-756: John Smith; 757-758: John Smith; 759-760: John Smith; 761-762: John Smith; 763-764: John Smith; 765-766: John Smith; 767-768: John Smith; 769-770: John Smith; 771-772: John Smith; 773-774: John Smith; 775-776: John Smith; 777-778: John Smith; 779-780: John Smith; 781-782: John Smith; 783-784: John Smith; 785-786: John Smith; 787-788: John Smith; 789-790: John Smith; 791-792: John Smith; 793-794: John Smith; 795-796: John Smith; 797-798: John Smith; 799-800: John Smith; 801-802: John Smith; 803-804: John Smith; 805-806: John Smith; 807-808: John Smith; 809-810: John Smith; 811-812: John Smith; 813-814: John Smith; 815-816: John Smith; 817-818: John Smith; 819-820: John Smith; 821-822: John Smith; 823-824: John Smith; 825-826: John Smith; 827-828: John Smith; 829-830: John Smith; 831-832: John Smith; 833-834: John Smith; 835-836: John Smith; 837-838: John Smith; 839-840: John Smith; 841-842: John Smith; 843-844: John Smith; 845-846: John Smith; 847-848: John Smith; 849-850: John Smith; 851-852: John Smith; 853-854: John Smith; 855-856: John Smith; 857-858: John Smith; 859-860: John Smith; 861-862: John Smith; 863-864: John Smith; 865-866: John Smith; 867-868: John Smith; 869-870: John Smith; 871-872: John Smith; 873-874: John Smith; 875-876: John Smith; 877-878: John Smith; 879-880: John Smith; 881-882: John Smith; 883-884: John Smith; 885-886: John Smith; 887-888: John Smith; 889-890: John Smith; 891-892: John Smith; 893-894: John Smith; 895-896: John Smith; 897-898: John Smith; 899-900: John Smith; 901-902: John Smith; 903-904: John Smith; 905-906: John Smith; 907-908: John Smith; 909-910: John Smith; 911-912: John Smith; 913-914: John Smith; 915-916: John Smith; 917-918: John Smith; 919-920: John Smith; 921-922: John Smith; 923-924: John Smith; 925-926: John Smith; 927-928: John Smith; 929-930: John Smith; 931-932: John Smith; 933-934: John Smith; 935-936: John Smith; 937-938: John Smith; 939-940: John Smith; 941-942: John Smith; 943-944: John Smith; 945-946: John Smith; 947-948: John Smith; 949-950: John Smith; 951-952: John Smith; 953-954: John Smith; 955-956: John Smith; 957-958: John Smith; 959-960: John Smith; 961-962: John Smith; 963-964: John Smith; 965-966: John Smith; 967-968: John Smith; 969-970: John Smith; 971-972: John Smith; 973-974: John Smith; 975-976: John Smith; 977-978: John Smith; 979-980: John Smith; 981-982: John Smith; 983-984: John Smith; 985-986: John Smith; 987-988: John Smith; 989-990: John Smith; 991-992: John Smith; 993-994: John Smith; 995-996: John Smith; 997-998: John Smith; 999-1000: John Smith; 1001-1002: John Smith; 1003-1004: John Smith; 1005-1006: John Smith; 1007-1008: John Smith; 1009-1010: John Smith; 1011-1012: John Smith; 1013-1014: John Smith; 1015-1016: John Smith; 1017-1018: John Smith; 1019-1020: John Smith; 1021-1022: John Smith; 1023-1024: John Smith; 1025-1026: John Smith; 1027-1028: John Smith; 1029-1030: John Smith; 1031-1032: John Smith; 1033-1034: John Smith; 1035-1036: John Smith; 1037-1038: John Smith; 1039-1040: John Smith; 1041-1042: John Smith; 1043-1044: John Smith; 1045-1046: John Smith; 1047-1048: John Smith; 1049-1050: John Smith; 1051-1052: John Smith; 1053-1054: John Smith; 1055-1056: John Smith; 1057-1058: John Smith; 1059-1060: John Smith; 1061-1062: John Smith; 1063-1064: John Smith; 1065-1066: John Smith; 1067-1068: John Smith; 1069-1070: John Smith; 1071-1072: John Smith; 1073-1074: John Smith; 1075-1076: John Smith; 1077-1078: John Smith; 1079-1080: John Smith; 1081-1082: John Smith; 1083-1084: John Smith; 1085-1086: John Smith; 1087-1088: John Smith; 1089-1090: John Smith; 1091-1092: John Smith; 1093-1094: John Smith; 1095-1096: John Smith; 1097-1098: John Smith; 1099-1100: John Smith; 1101-1102: John Smith; 1103-1104: John Smith; 1105-1106: John Smith; 1107-1108: John Smith; 1109-1110: John Smith; 1111-1112: John Smith; 1113-1114: John Smith; 1115-1116: John Smith; 1117-1118: John Smith; 1119-1120: John Smith; 1121-1122: John Smith; 1123-1124: John Smith; 1125-1126: John Smith; 1127-1128: John Smith; 1129-1130: John Smith; 1131-1132: John Smith; 1133-1134: John Smith; 1135-1136: John Smith; 1137-1138: John Smith; 1139-1140: John Smith; 1141-1142: John Smith; 1143-1144: John Smith; 1145-1146: John Smith; 1147-1148: John Smith; 1149-1150: John Smith; 1151-1152: John Smith; 1153-1154: John Smith; 1155-1156: John Smith; 1157-1158: John Smith; 1159-1160: John Smith; 1161-1162: John Smith; 1163-1164: John Smith; 1165-1166: John Smith; 1167-1168: John Smith; 1169-1170: John Smith; 1171-1172: John Smith; 1173-1174: John Smith; 1175-1176: John Smith; 1177-1178: John Smith; 1179-1180: John Smith; 1181-1182: John Smith; 1183-1184: John Smith; 1185-1186: John Smith; 1187-1188: John Smith; 1189-1190: John Smith; 1191-1192: John Smith; 1193-1194: John Smith; 1195-1196: John Smith; 1197-1198: John Smith; 1199-1200: John Smith; 1201-1202: John Smith; 1203-1204: John Smith; 1205-1206: John Smith; 1207-1208: John Smith; 1209-1210: John Smith; 1211-1212: John Smith; 1213-1214: John Smith; 1215-1216: John Smith; 1217-1218: John Smith; 1219-1220: John Smith; 1221-1222: John Smith; 1223-1224: John Smith; 1225-1226: John Smith; 1227-1228: John Smith; 1229-1230: John Smith; 1231-1232: John Smith; 1233-1234: John Smith; 1235-1236: John Smith; 1237-1238: John Smith; 1239-1240: John Smith; 1241-1242: John Smith; 1243-1244: John Smith; 1245-1246: John Smith; 1247-1248: John Smith; 1249-1250: John Smith; 1251-1252: John Smith; 1253-1254: John Smith; 1255-1256: John Smith; 1257-1258: John Smith; 1259-1260: John Smith; 1261-1262: John Smith; 1263-1264: John Smith; 1265-1266: John Smith; 1267-1268: John Smith; 1269-1270: John Smith; 1271-1272: John Smith; 1273-1274: John Smith; 1275-1276: John Smith; 1277-1278: John Smith; 1279-1280: John Smith; 1281-1282: John Smith; 1283-1284: John Smith; 1285-1286: John Smith; 1287-1288: John Smith; 1289-1290: John Smith; 1291-1292: John Smith; 1293-1294: John Smith; 1295-1296: John Smith; 1297-1298: John Smith; 1299-1300: John Smith; 1301-1302: John Smith; 1303-1304: John Smith; 1305-1306: John Smith; 1307-1308: John Smith; 1309-1310: John Smith; 1311-1312: John Smith; 1313-1314: John Smith; 1315-1316: John Smith; 1317-1318: John Smith; 1319-1320: John Smith; 1321-1322: John Smith; 1323-1324: John Smith; 1325-1326: John Smith; 1327-1328: John Smith; 1329-1330: John Smith; 1331-1332: John Smith; 1333-1334: John Smith; 1335-1336: John Smith; 1337-1338: John Smith; 1339-1340: John Smith; 1341-1342: John Smith; 1343-1344: John Smith; 1345-1346: John Smith; 1347-1348: John Smith; 1349-1350: John Smith; 1351-1352: John Smith; 1353-1354: John Smith; 1355-1356: John Smith; 1357-1358: John Smith; 1359-1360: John Smith; 1361-1362: John Smith; 1363-1364: John Smith; 1365-1366: John Smith; 1 |

Edited by GAY FLOOD

MAGNIFICENT MOSES

Sir:

Thank you for giving credit to Edwin Moses for his continuing contribution to track and field, and to sports in general (*He Gave Himself a Birthday Present*, Sept. 12). He deserved recognition on your cover. His streak of 87 straight victories and four world records over a span of seven years separates him from almost all other athletes.

BRUCE BULLOCK
Saratoga Lake, N.Y.

Sir:

With all the drumbeating for Carl Lewis and Mary Decker (19th Hole, Sept. 3), I hope Edwin Moses won't be denied his rightful title of Sportsman of the Year, which he should have been given long before now. As a competitor, a coach and an official over the past 35 years, I've seen all the great track and field performers, and there is no doubt in my mind that Moses is the best of all time. He never loses, and no other competitor in his specialty even comes close to his times. It is just his misfortune that he always makes winning look so easy—bear in mind that the 400-meter hurdles is probably the toughest event in track. As good as Lewis and Decker are, neither they nor anyone else can compare with Moses the Magnificent.

DICK LACEY
Clearwater, Fla.

JACKIE SHERRILL'S EXPERIMENT

Sir:

Sincere thanks for Douglas S. Looney's excellent article *The Twelfth Man* (1983 College & Pro Football Spectacular, Sept. 1) on the Texas Aggie home kickoff team. Rarely do we A&M alumni come across an article that captures the essence of the Aggie spirit, which is just what Looney did.

There has been much debate concerning the appropriateness of employing such a non-athletic-scholarship student team, but regardless of the outcome of the experiment, I support Jackie Sherrill and the Aggies 100%. I can hear the Longhorns laughing in the distance, yet when A&M plays Texas on Thanksgiving weekend and the kickoff team is running down the field, it will not be just the Twelfth Man trying to tackle a ballcarrier. There will be more than 100 years of devotion to A&M going with those students. And there is no Longhorn student alone who can comprehend that spirit.

JAMES H. HAYES JR.
San Antonio

Sir:

Initially, I considered it obscene when Texas A&M gave Jackie Sherrill a \$1,602,000

contract to coach its football team. Actually, I still do. But if his experiment with the Twelfth Man succeeds and returns a little of college football action to the college student, maybe he'll have been worth it.

NORMAN E. COLTEN
Ocean, N.J.

THE PLAY (CONT.)

Sir:

I had two good reasons for enjoying Ron Fimrite's excellent article *Anatomy of a Miracle* in your special football issue (1983 College & Pro Football Spectacular, Sept. 1): I'm a non-practicing journalism graduate (Kansas, '49) and frequent critic of the work of current sportswriters, and I was also the referee in last season's Cal-Stanford Big Game, memorialized by Fimrite in his description of *The Play*.

Fimrite conveyed the spirited atmosphere of all 85 Big Games, several of which I have officiated, and his description of *The Play* was accurate, artistic and certainly reflective of the reactions and emotions of the spectators, players, coaches, officials and—oh, yes—band members. His research was so thorough that the story enlightened me on some aspects that I was not aware of at the time and hadn't read about in any other account.

After 25 years of collegiate football officiating, I found *The Play* a climactic thrill. Now when I have trouble going to sleep, I don't count sheep, I count lateral passes.

CHARLES MOFFETT
Pac-10 Referee (ret.)
Kent, Wash.



AKRON'S WORLD SERIES

Sir:

Dan Jenkins' suggestions (*The Price Was Right*, Sept. 5) regarding the World Series of Golf were interesting. I agree that the tournament's purse should be the largest on the tour. This would be easier to accomplish if another of his ideas were accepted. Limit the World Series to winners only.

However, I don't agree that the name of the tournament should be changed. All that is needed in this regard is to change the date *Play the World Series* when the other World Series is being played, i.e., in early October. That way, the tournament would be held much nearer the end of the golf season, and the oppressive Ohio August humidity would be traded for a beautiful Ohio autumn. Just think, there could be camera cuts to the Goodyear blimp—when it wasn't engaged in aerial combat with the Firestone water tower, of course—for shots of breathtaking fall foliage.

Also, I emphatically disagree with the suggestion that the World Series be relocated out of Akron. What Jenkins fails to understand is that Akron has a first-rate golf course. Firestone is not quite as exotic as Augusta National or Pebble Beach, but in my opinion it is more challenging than the former and at least equal to the latter. Another factor in Akron's and Firestone's favor is the care given to organizing this event. There probably isn't a golf tournament anywhere that is better run.

JOHN P. WINDLER JR.
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Sir:

I'll leave the format of the World Series of Golf to the experts. However, Dan Jenkins' reference to the opening ceremonies as "bizarre" was a cheap shot. The youngsters in the band played admirably, considering they were in full uniform and standing at attention for nearly an hour in blazing 90° weather. Several collapsed from heat exhaustion. And those flags that Jenkins so disrespectfully referred to as "strange" just happened to represent the countries of the contestants in this international field, including, of course, the Stars and Stripes. As for the water tower at Firestone Country Club, I suggest that Jenkins climb it and take a flying leap!

LOU AUBLET
Akron

HARVEY MARTIN'S TROUBLES

Sir:

I was touched by Gary Smith's story on Harvey Martin (*A Shmug Knight No More*, Sept. 12). I admire Martin for his ability to come back after the bad press and the financial

continued



THE SHIRT AMERICA LIVES IN

Arrow

The Arrow Company
540 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10017

What's a Rusty Nail?



a) something Noah had plenty of.



b) a quill from a wet porcupine.



c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Drambuie and scotch over ice.

19TH HOLE continued

cial problems he has faced. I am one of millions who feel the Cowboys will always be America's Team. Martin does his job for Dallas, his record speaks for itself. As for the drug accusations, no formal charges were ever made. Considering all Martin has survived, he is bound to end up on top once again.

ANNA THOMPSON
Garland, Texas

Sir:

The feature on Harvey Martin was a well-written account of a person who has succeeded, thanks to talent and opportunity, to a degree achieved by few other men. Yet Martin has handled his success like a loser, or a fool. Are we supposed to feel sorry for him?

The behavioral-science journals are loaded with testjerkers about overgrown babies who cannot properly manage their personal matters. I, for one, would rather read about true success when I pick up my SL.

PAUL A. ORT
Tallahassee, Fla.

PAN AM AFTERMATH

Sir:

Judging by your coverage of the anabolic steroid issue, one is forced to conclude that the only point of view that is legitimate is that steroids are bad, on the ground that they have potentially harmful side effects and on moral grounds. I do not wish to be an evangelist for the value of anabolic steroid use in sports, but you must recognize that there is another side to the story. In fact, as a world-class powerlifter, as well as a trained sports psychologist, I can tell you flatly that the most prevalent view among steroid users is that the benefits far outweigh the risks.

Drugs are not inherently evil—misuse and abuse by people give them that connotation. I believe that drugs have been, are and will continue to be an important source of man's salvation. I also believe that there can be no nobler use for drugs than improving man's performance capabilities. Society demands bigger, faster and stronger athletes. The sacrosanctity of the sports arena, however, has been a hindrance to meeting this demand. Athletes are forced into the closet or toward ever more dangerous alternatives when it comes to doing things that society may frown on. I suggest that educating society at large, as well as steroid-using athletes, is the most prudent and efficient means of controlling drug abuse. Legislation and prohibition have never solved any of society's problems. Instead, they have exacerbated them.

FREDERICK C. HATFIELD, Ph.D.
Scientific Editor
Muscle & Fitness
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

THE 1984 WINTER-SPORTS PIN COLLECTION. FREE, FROM KODAK.

Get One Pin Free By Mail With Proofs Of Purchase From 2 Packs Of Any Instant Color Film From Kodak.



Now, when you buy our Instant film, you'll get some gold, too. A handsome winter-sports pin, brightly enameled and trimmed with 22-karat-gold electroplate.

Just buy 2 single packs or 1 Take Two-Pak of ANY instant color film from Kodak, including the new exciting KODAMATIC™

TRIMPRINT™ Instant Color Film. Send end flaps and order form, and Kodak will send you the commemorative pin of your choice. See your participating dealer for details. And capture the gold, instantly.

©Eastman Kodak Company, 1983





CIMARRON '84 THIS ONE'S GOT THE TOUCH.

The Cadillac touch. It's everywhere. You can feel it when you put Cadillac's road-hugging Touring Suspension to the test. You can see it ... inside and out. From leather-faced front buckets with lumbar support to a hand-buffed exterior finish. It's attention to detail, too. Like push-button air. And aluminum alloy wheels. You've got to drive this car...and experience the Cadillac touch. Cimarron '84.

BEST OF ALL...IT'S A CADILLAC.

Let's Get It Together...Buckle Up.





© Lorillard U.S.A. 1983

You found it. True.

King size: 5 mg "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 1983

Exceptional taste
in an ultra low tar.
Shouldn't your
next cigarette
be True?



**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**